THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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THE WASTEFUL WEST—By Emerson Hough

THE COMING OF THE LEISURE CLASS—By William Allen White

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"The Wood-Finishing Authorities."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE WASTEFUL WEST

How America's Most Wasteful Blunder Cost the West a Great Opportunity and the Country a Food-Supply

BY EMERSON HOUGH

ONCE upon a time there was a certain tenderfoot of the city of Philadelphia who made a pilgrimage to Montana for the sake of his health. He thought he had consumption, but it was only pie; so he recovered promptly and in due time returned to the ancestral halls well bronzed and hearty. He brought with him certain heads of wild animals, trophies of his prowess, and withal stories to fit the heads.

"These elk antlers," he explained, referring to a fine pair of the collection, "are shed every year. They are so large and heavy that you would not think, to look at them, that the animal grows a fresh set every year." This was the truth, but it was not received as such.

"My son," said his good old Quaker mother, "I have raised thee to tell the truth, and thee has always been a good boy; but now I plainly see thee is lying to thy old mother. It would be impossible for the elk to raise such horns every year; besides, it would be a waste."

True, it would seem a prodigious waste, the waste of Nature with her wild life in America; but America has from the beginning been a land not only of plenty but of waste, of utter, awesome waste in all things. We are rich and careless. So is Nature.

One day not long ago some farmers near Castalia, Ohio, dug into a curious willow-grown mound which had long been known in the little valley of the Castalia trout stream. They found a mass of jumbled elk horns, yards in extent, embracing some scores of horns in all. These had been heaped up and buried there by some earlier men, white or red, and the moisture of their covering had preserved them. By all rights they should have disappeared years ago in the mysterious fashion in which Nature takes care of the shed antlers of all the deer family. Nature is scavenger for her own waste. She sets squirrels and porcupines to gnawing at shed deer horns, sets the elements to dissolving them and the moss and leaves to hiding them, trying to cover up the truth as to her own wastefulness. Otherwise we could walk across the continent to-day on elk horns.

The average citizen of to-day, studying the reports of rust on the wheat crop of the West, or the shortage of cotton in the South, does not reflect that a few years ago wild animals roamed where crops now grow. There were elk in the State of Michigan in 1871, and no doubt later. These animals existed on what is known as the Saginaw "Thumb," on the eastern side of the State. Elk antlers have been dug out of the marsh at the foot of Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin, though the last elk in Wisconsin was killed about forty years ago—having the hill where the deed was done named after him, by the way. It is hard to believe that during the Civil War there were great herds of elk around Spirit Lake, in Northwestern Iowa, and that long after the Civil War farmers chased buffalo in Central Minnesota. For that matter, there were wild buffalo alive in the Panhandle of Texas the year before the World's Fair at Chicago. To-day there is no buffalo range, because there are no buffalo. The elk range is restricted to small and lessening areas in the Rocky Mountains—localities of chief interest to pie-sufferers whose physicians prescribe "big game shooting," but who do not know how scarce our big game has become. A man out in Billings, Montana, foreseeing this scarcity, years ago started a corner in elk teeth. He has trunks full of them, strong boxes full of them in safety-deposit vaults in the East. He expects to unload some day before long. Alas, even the Indians, among whom he planned to find many purchasers, have grown forgetful of the old days. Now they will as readily buy a celluloid elk tooth to adorn a beef-hide shirt as the real thing to go on a buckskin bridal robe! As to our big game, we certainly are in other times which bring other customs.

There may be a few European noblemen who still think they can come to America to hunt buffalo and fight Indians, but the American people have long ago forgotten the buffalo. We owed this great creature a better tribute. It was guide and supporter of our fathers in their ways of Western expansion. Once it swarmed in Georgia and the Carolinas, and it was the buffalo and the elk that laid out the first trails to the westward across the Appalachian Divide. The Sioux Indians also used to live in that same country, though not every one knows that, or even knows that they later lived in Kentucky, and in Minnesota until the Chippewas drove them westward to the Plains. The first expansionists were perhaps the Sioux, and they followed the buffalo trails to the westward, the same trails later taken by Daniel Boone and his like.

When the settlers reached Kentucky the buffalo began to disappear. They disappeared next from Missouri, though no less a person than Kit Carson hunted buffalo in Missouri, and hunted them with the Sioux Indians at that. But when the Carsons and Boones came to the great river of conquest, the Missouri, the "Big Muddy," they halted at the edge of the buffalo country *par excellence*—that land so long known as the Great West in the minds of the American people. Then ensued the day of the buffalo, a very big one in our national history. We could not have built our railroads without the buffalo, nor have broken into the fastnesses of the American desert with our farms; any more than we could have subjugated our Indians while the buffalo remained.

The buffalo range of the trans-Missouri ran from Mexico far north into the British provinces, and from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains—indeed, even across the Rocky Mountains, at the height of the trapping days, when the hunters pressed them too far back into the hills to the westward. They appeared around old Fort Hall, Idaho, before Frémont's time.

As to the total numbers of these great animals, at the time of the first wh[ite] pation of the trans-Missouri, there is thing as computation. Certainly t[he] millions, but how many millions one guess. The commerce which swe away left few records to determin[e] own extent. The period from 1823 to 1883 covers sixty years of slaughter, but the slaughter was not measured or recorded. The commerce of the Santa Fé trail depended on the buffalo; indeed, every wagon or pack train which crossed the Plains relied upon the buffalo as a sure source of food en route. White and red man alike depended upon this great animal, whose numbers ran everywhere in uncounted thousands. With the white man the buffalo was a convenience, with the Indian it was a necessity. Not even in the scientifically conducted packing industries of to-day is the last by-product of an animal utilized as it was by the Plains Indians. To them the buffalo gave everything: food, fuel,

The White Man Did Nothing but Waste

How Many Millions One Can Only Guess

arms, utensils, clothing, dwelling, ornaments and luxuries—even, at last, surplus currency for the aboriginal bank account. Indeed, the modern packer has all the worst of it in comparison with the Indian. The latter had nothing at all to pay for his cattle, whereas the Beef Trust, amiable and well-meaning as may be its intentions to sweep clear the Western plains at no cost to itself, is still obliged to pay something for its cattle. What an opportunity was lost to the Beef Trust in those old buffalo days! If only it could have run its plants on cattle absolutely free!

Millions of Tons of Food Wasted

AS TO this last, however, it might have been almost as well for the American people had the Packing Trust been organized earlier. It would have saved millions of tons of good food which went absolutely to waste—a food so abundant and universal in its time that Western restaurants were obliged to put up the sign, "No Buff Served Here." The killing off of the buffalo entailed one of the greatest industrial wastes ever known in the history of the world. How many tons of meat were there thus left unutilized? No one can tell. More than two million tons, perhaps twenty million tons—a hundred million. Would that we had it to-day to feed the starving slum folk fresh from Europe! There is no verification possible in buffalo estimates. The story is commonly accepted that a million hides came down the Missouri River in 1883, the last year of the Northern buffalo herd. These figures are probably too large. One-half or one-third that number would be more accurate, according to fur dealers of that epoch. Yet 1883 was only one year out of more than sixty, and this million hides came from only the upper portion of the range, that along the newly-builded Northern Pacific Railroad. Out of the sixty great years of the buffalo, forty were years of unexampled waste! The famous American historian, Francis Parkman, killed buffalo for no better trophy than their tails, and boasted of it. Later than Parkman came the butchers of the Old World, noblemen who shot without hire and with no purpose save that of [illegible]. These, from the Grand Duke Alexis down, did [illegible]re. Army officers shot for sport—and sport ends [illegible]re one must stop when a ton of meat falls before [illegible]placed bullet. The straggling settler on the edge [illegible]kept meat for his winter supply, but he could not [illegible]g "just one more"—and he left it lying where it fell. A man on Plum Creek, near Great Bend, Kansas, long made a living by supplying food to westbound wagon-trains—and he sold nothing but buffalo tongues. The rest rotted.

The Indian did not waste, the white man did nothing but waste. The measure of his destruction is colossal. A pile of buffalo bones higher than any house in town, and some hundreds of yards in length, lay waiting shipment in one Kansas town in the seventies. Out of this one station there was once billed a trainload of cars loaded with sacked tips of buffalo horns alone! This was part, and only part, of the flotsam of the southern range after the skin-hunters had left it. There is no measuring of these figures.

The result of it all was that we took the fight all out of Brother Indian. Left without a living, he became *pacifico*, like prisoners of old Spain, before he became *incommunicado* on the reservations. Then we finished our railroads and followed them with farms, many of which were bought with the price of buffalo hides or buffalo bones.

Oh, we are civilized, we Americans, and we are rich, rich! Otherwise we could not have afforded all our incredible waste, our incredibly brutal extravagance, our unrighteous haste in squandering our own resources. We are the most reckless people in the world to-day, no doubt, as we are the richest. Let us not ponder upon the fact that in time the spendthrift goes broke, and that spendthrift may be the denomination for a nation as well as an individual. Let us forget our excesses as things unpleasant or as things humorous, whichever one likes. We do not mourn about a million dollars—why grieve about a million hides? We do not ponder upon the extinction of the white pine as a forest tree—why trouble ourselves about the wiping out of a race or of a species? We are rich, rich; we can afford it. We can even, in our careless belief, afford to be de-Americanized.

As to the process of our wastefulness in the destruction of the buffalo, there was a curiously systematic organization about it. It was necessary to kill and skin every buffalo on the Western plains at the first possible moment; wherefore, the American mind swiftly reduced it to a science. The markets of the world could use this great shaggy robe—could, to some small extent, use the leather made from the hide. Hence dealers set about the problem of merchandising, taking supply to the demand, and uniting the corners of the world.

An Army of Fur Traders

FUR traders multiplied in the Middle West. They could pay as much as two dollars for a good robe—at the last of the trade sometimes as much as four dollars, or perhaps eight dollars for a painted Indian robe. There were outfits all over the Plains picking up robes among the Indian villages. There were trading-posts established where the Indians brought their robes. The day was one of waste and ruin and dissolution and destruction. Some of the traders used whisky with the Indians, although this ancient practice of fur traders was not approved by the new and sober school of commerce which was connected with the robe trade pure and simple. Sometimes a pint of whisky to the head man made his heart good, and he told his people to sell their robes. In the earlier times the red men were paid in trade goods, on which the trader made his own big profit; but in the railroad days of the buffalo robe trade it was the custom to pay coin to the Indian, and trust him to spend it back again at the goods wagon or shop-counter, as the case might be. Sometimes the native hunter got as little as a dollar, or a dollar and a half, for his buffalo robe. Those were easy times. The Indian soon learned that he could make more money by killing more buffalo. In time, perhaps, he now and then killed for the hide alone, though he execrated, and abolished as effectually as he could, all the white skin-hunters, as soon as he learned they were killing off the buffalo and taking nothing but the hides.

The Indian robes traded for were, in the earlier days, practically all dressed robes, and the Indian tan was better than any the white man could ever make. The Indian process of tanning consisted of scraping the hide close with one of those absurdly inefficient-looking little bone-handled hoes or scrapers which we see in museums now; then working it hour after hour over a log or beam, or over a twisted sinew rope, the flesh side being covered with clay and grease and buffalo brains. A very large robe was hard to handle in this way, so sometimes the Indian lady operating would split it down the middle of the back and tan the two pieces separately. A great many scientists have been unable to tell the origin of the Indian practice of splitting the buffalo robe and then sewing it together again. The answer was easy to those who knew about it.

Sometimes a hunter, red or white, who was alone and had killed a buffalo, found that the beast had lain down to die with his forelegs doubled back under him, and had not fallen over on his side. This suggested one form of butchering work not unusual on the Plains. The hunter, finding the heavy carcass hard for him to handle, made no attempt to remove the skin in the usual way, with the slit down the belly side of the hide. He cut the hide down the back, from neck to tail, and, skinning it down on each side, spread it out on the ground, leaving the carcass still sitting up, as it were. Then he cut in along the hump and tenderloin and took out the choice pieces, the "boss" ribs of the hump and the "*dépouille*," and the prized back-fat which any plainsman knew was sweeter than the belly-fats. As he did his dissection he piled the pieces on the spread hide on either side, and so at last he packed his horse with clean meat and went away rejoicing. He left behind him a split robe and the best part of a ton of unused carcass. Perhaps his squaw might come around there another day; but usually it was easier to kill another buffalo.

The Indians sold a certain number of robes to the white traders, even in the days of the arrow and lance, before they were generally supplied with firearms; but all the robes collected by the Indians made rather a small number as against the great total of hides which began to stream eastward, down the rivers and along the railways. It was incumbent upon the white man to get the last robe at the first moment. The result was that highly differentiated agency, the skin-hunting outfit, whose swift rise and fall at one time added a distinctive feature to Western life.

How the Slaughter was Done

ANY man owning a wagon and team might turn skin-hunter, and, indeed, most of the frontiersmen did so at one time or another up to 1871, on the lower range, and until 1883 in the North. One may have food and some sort of clothing—but what is life without cash? And if cash can be obtained only by sale of what one has, and if one has only uncounted robes of stupid brute beasts, what is the natural inference and result? Some Western men farmed at the edge of things, but very many went skin-hunting. Sometimes two or three would make up a partnership for the sake of greater safety against the Indians, always bitterest against the white hide-hunters. There might perhaps be two or three wagons, perhaps half a dozen, in a big outfit. The wagons had high sideboards and heavy canvas covers, and sometimes there were four horses, or even six, if the partnership were opulent.

A rude press, a beam at the tail-gate, was occasionally used in pressing the hide bales, though most of the robe

trade was in hides rough-dried and folded only once, lengthwise. This latter method of handling the hide was more common nearer to the railroads. The skin outfit was divided into wagonmen, killers and skinners. Sometimes one hunter would keep them all busy with hides, though two killers were usual; and, indeed, in that time of Western life hunters were easy to find, for it was the exception to see a man who was not a perfect rifle-shot.

The skinning of the dead buffalo took time, and thirty or forty heads a day was the limit of what the outfit would probably care to kill. The stretching and curing of the hides was slower work, though as to the killing, that might be a matter of but an hour or so. Sometimes it was done at one "stand"—that is to say, in one spot, where the concealed hunter shot time after time into the confused bunch of buffalo, which huddled up and did not dare to run. You cannot see it to-day, but fifteen or twenty years ago you might have seen it, this record of the killer's work. You may still know districts where the buffalo wallows are not yet all gone; perhaps you know some corner where you can see a verified, genuine buffalo trail, cut deep into the soil; but one does not know where you can find to-day that other sort of record, the story written in a ring of white skeletons, thirty, forty, or more, all lying on a space not more than an acre in extent.

The Trail of the Slayer

SUPPOSE you have seen this loose circle of scattered bones marking a "stand" in the old buffalo days. Look about, and you might see the grass waving on the same ridge behind which the killer lay, perhaps three hundred yards distant. The heavy Sharps rifle—and the hunter would have no other arm in the old days—would shoot in practically the same place that far with its slug of lead half as long as your finger. The main concern of the hunter was to get the range and to keep out of sight. Yes, no doubt that ridge was where he lay. Farther on, at the first waterhole, perhaps three or four miles away, you may find traces of an old camp, with dried bits of wood, sticklike, scattered about. It was here that the wagon stopped, and these were the pegs used in stretching the hides on the earth to dry. The bone-hunters, who after a time swept off every trace of the slaughter of the buffalo, sometimes left the hide-pegs.

The buffalo-killer, when he set out from camp to locate the herd for the day, took with him his sixteen-pound rifle and his belt full of long, heavy cartridges. Perhaps he hunted on foot altogether, and certainly he must leave his horse behind while at his specific work of shooting. Crawling to the top of some ridge beyond which he heard the low, muttering rumble that told him his game was near, at length he saw his quarry—great shaggy, monstrous brutes, savage-looking as bears yet harmless as sheep—feeding or fighting or resting on the grassy flat before him, scores of them—hundreds of them, perhaps.

That sight will be seen no more by any hunter of the world; yet it gave this man no excitement. He only swept out a clean place to lie, bent together a few spears of grass at the crest of the ridge, and placed his cartridge-belt handily before him on the ground. First studying the wind and the distance carefully, and noting the trend of the feeding animals, at length he drew out his cleaning-rod and his firing-stick, crossing the two wands together in the grasp of his left hand and resting his heavy rifle in the angle, where it would lie motionless. Then he again estimated his distance, perhaps two or three hundred yards or more—as close as he could get without alarming the herd—and fired his first shot, aiming at some cow standing broadside toward him and close toward the front of the feeding portion of the herd. He aimed low, for the heart of the buffalo lies unbelievably low down, close to the shaggy knee of the foreleg, which sometimes rubs a little bare place almost directly over the heart. A shot in that region was usually quickly fatal. There must be no flurry or excitement, and the herd must be kept still. "Shucks!" exclaimed the hunter, as he saw the dust cut from the fur fly half-way up the side of his game, and knew that he had overestimated his distance. He lowered his sights, and waited for the cow to lie down. She would not get up again, but the hunter called this bad shooting.

A part of the herd became uneasy, began to move, to string out. Now the hunter must act at once, or be left alone, with nothing to show for his morning's work and nothing to keep the skinners busy. Hurriedly he aimed at the leading buffalo of those now on the move. Pictures by artists who never saw the buffalo nearly always show the herd led by some majestic bull. Artists are not even as accurate as scientists. It was always an old cow that led the herd, and it was the first care of the killer to learn which cow this was, and if possible to shoot her down the first thing. If he failed in this, the herd might get out of hand. But he rarely failed if he knew his business. As their leader stumbled to her knees and sank down, the stupid creatures following snuffed and stumbled and began to "mill," moaning, perhaps, and finally standing still, looking at the silent death, coming they knew not whence and smiting them down one by one. Be sure that, once having his "stand" established, the hunter behind the grass-wisp went on with his work as fast as he might, cleaning his rifle and shooting steadily. One, two, ten, twenty—his belt was empty at last and the ground in front of him was black.

One is almost tempted to be thankful that the Indians sometimes got him before he got back to camp! Yet he was living according to his lights and according to his environment. Sometimes he went to the legislature or to Congress afterward. There are very many good men in the West, leading men, who were skin-hunters in their time.

Sometimes a skinner was paid so much a hide for his work, or sometimes he was hired on a time-basis, or sometimes all the men were equal partners. Fifty cents a hide was sometimes paid; and the camp-cook, after he heard the rifle begin its work a mile or two away, would throw a sheaf of worn I. Wilson butcher-knives before the skinners, who grumblingly made ready to go at their work. It was monotonous, skinning some millions of buffalo over a thousand miles of country. One genius invented a time-saving device—a long iron picket-pin, which was driven through the jaws of the dead buffalo, fastening the carcass firmly to the ground. Then he loosened the hide around the neck, cut it down the belly, and attached his team of horses to the free edge of the tough neck-skin. Starting up his team, he ripped the entire hide from the body—sometimes.

Working by day, gambling by night, drinking until the whisky gave out, and grumbling till the load was made for the trip to the railroad town—this was the life of one sort of American citizen at one time of our Western history. Untold numbers of high-topped wagons rolled into these scores of railroad towns, each with its burden of shaggy brown bales, each leaving behind the ghastliness of an unparalleled slaughter and waste of life, and of the means of life, whose total is appalling. Those were the days before the cowboy came, but they were wild and hard as any.

The skin outfit sold its hides for only a fraction of what they were really worth. Then they bought more whisky, fought, made some more frontier history, and departed again for the range. The skin-hunter's calling was one easily entered. It invited some good men and a great many bad ones. It was a calling distinct in itself. There were not many skin-hunters who later became bone-gatherers—that was done by another wave of population. Between these skin-hunters and the bone-gatherers came the wolfers—yet another distinct gentry. The carcasses of the buffalo attracted thousands of gray wolves, and the wolfers made a business of poisoning the carcasses—or did so until the wise wolf-beast learned much cunning about traps and poison. Following the buffalo pelts, there were marketed thousands of wolf robes, not so good as the great robe of the buffalo, but serving to mark another swift epoch of the West.

Their Mark Upon the Language

THE skin-hunter left his imprint upon the West in habits, customs; even in language. There was long current, west of the Missouri, the slang phrase, "He got a 'stand' on me." Your friend would meet you and say: "I am sorry I am late with my appointment, but I met Jones on the street, and he got a stand on me and told me one of his long-winded stories." The metaphor is obvious, as applied to the buttonholing bore. His victim could not get away. This expression has been little heard for ten or fifteen years in the West, and the inference is that we are now getting too far away from the buffalo days.

Your professional skin-hunter had his own little idiosyncrasies, like any other specialist. The Western cowboy was always particular about his hat, gloves and saddle, but as to his bed he cared little where or how he slept, and a slicker was as good as a mattress for him. The skin-hunter cared nothing at all for his garb, nor was there any uniformity in it, and he would ride anything at all in the way of a saddle. When it came to sleeping, however, he was a Sybarite. If he had nothing else, he was bound to have a good bed. The skin-hunter's California blankets would sometimes cost him seventy-five dollars, and he would fight before he would lose his bed.

Pat Garrett, now Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas, and a warm friend of President Roosevelt, was a member of a skin-hunting party on the Staked Plains in his younger days, and he tells with amusement how, once upon a time, he and one or two companions left the wagons and went westward on an exploring expedition of their own. When they, or one of them, after some weeks mixed in with Indian

(Concluded on Page 18)

DRAWN BY N. C. WYETH

Sometimes Two or Three Would Make Up a Partnership for the Sake of Greater Safety

THE FIRST OF ALL THE LINE

The Chronicle of a Still Hunt for Ancestors

By W. B. MacHARG

"Purely by Chance, I Must Admit—Very Fortunately—Ah!—Tracing the Collateral Line of Alyn——"

AS OFTEN as the secretary in the pauses of his work looked at Patricia, her lashes descended toward her cheek tremulously and fluttered there. When they lifted and displayed the amber-tinted radiance of her eyes a thrill went through him.

A third person was with them, her grandfather—a smooth, bald head, a white mustache trimmed short along the lip, a square, athletic body, hale as in youth at seventy. The world knows John Vanety. Are not the tin cans of his famous beef scattered through its six continents from Cape Chukotskia to Desolation Island, intermediately at Fort Selkirk, Bora Yukin, Bamangwato: everywhere that men do congregate and letters are put together to make names? Few there be who have not seen that little book, Famous Explorers, issued by Vanety & Co., wherein is shown Balboa up a tree gazing at the Pacific, and at the foot of the tree one of John Vanety's cans, with its pink label. Yes, the world knows John, for he has put his label on it.

If there was one thing in the world of which Patricia was afraid, it was that she would never have the chance to lose herself for love. More than that, not having been allowed to want for anything in her life, she was perfectly confident that it would be the easiest thing in the world, love excepted, to do without everything. These views were ridiculous; her father had quite other aims for her. She was fated for an international alliance whenever a socially important foreigner should appear upon the scene.

"Dukes and earls, dukes and earls!" said John Vanety to his granddaughter, while the papers in front of him rustled as though with a touch of exasperation. "Well, Algernon was named and brought up by his mother." Patricia turned upon him a soft glance of amusement. "But why should a son of mine be continually digging into tombs to find out where he came from?" The papers rustled loudly. "*I'm* in no tomb! English and French coffins; herald's offices; coats-of-arms; primogeniture; the Mayflower, and the Revolution—nothing this side of the Revolution! 'Down the State' is good enough for me, Pat—I came from 'down the State.'"

"I came from 'down the State,' too," said Patricia, with a smile which began in sympathy for her grandfather but ended with something quite different for the secretary.

"And 'down the State' ought to be enough for Al, except that I suppose there have to be two kinds of people in the world, Pat—one that is always saying, 'Everything is going to the dogs; what's the use?' and the other that says, 'Let's get busy, get busy; look what a good old world we've got here!' Al thinks everything used to be better than it is now. He was born looking for ancestors. I'm sorry I made the mistake of not taking that out of him. . . . Well, a man is mistaken forty per cent. of the time, anyway."

He continued to bite his mustache meditatively, and into his shrewd old eyes came a shadow. Patricia put her hand against his cheek softly.

His eyes grew warm again, looking upon her face and that of the young man opposite. He *knew*—old John being quite able to see through plate glass (or a brick wall for that matter). "But one of the times I was right," he went on dryly, "was when I found Arthur here, for he knows enough to keep still and not take my mind off business, which is more than I can say for my granddaughter."

They reddened.

Yes, Arthur knew, too. Truly it is wonderful how many young men in America make it the first business of their lives to learn of the world what they want in it! Where they can hang a hat is home to them. Satisfied for the present to hang his hat just below John Vanety's, Arthur Holley knew also what he wanted—and had known since the day he first saw her.

Their eyes met in quick electric shock as she went out—love in them, fearless, unrealized by Patricia as yet, very sweet to both, not at all hopeless or unhappy on Arthur's part, in spite of Algernon—and even though the "important foreigner" had been reported.

So scintillant a light could not move about the world unnoted. Sir Charles Landower had been spoken at New York; he had been sighted at Washington; by slow stages he was moving westward upon Chicago with twenty-seven trunks. Well informed of his movements, Algernon beheld in imagination these twenty-seven trunks increased by marriage to fifty-four—a common but amusing propagation. He witnessed a mansion in the West End preparing for Patricia, a country place in Surrey; for himself, the father of Sir Charles' wife, position; consideration; St. James Street and Piccadilly; the right to give two fingers instead of the whole hand; and aristocracy, that true delight of noble minds, which consists of being absolutely sure that there are very few people in the world like you. It is true, Algernon had never met Sir Charles, nor more than mentioned him to his daughter.

It was not, therefore, because of Sir Charles Landower that Patricia tingled with happiness as she went down the stairs; and it was not Sir Charles standing in the reception hall who changed her joy to uneasiness so suddenly. A man it was, but he was small, and shiny upon the top and shoulders.

"Oh, dear!" cried Patricia in distress, "have you discovered something more, Mr. Satterly?"

Since the likelihood of slipping upon waxed and polished floors is increased greatly when one's shoes are worn down at the heel, Mr. Satterly changed his position with circumspection. Everything was quarter-sawed oak here. Everything was slippery. He looked up with caution, and he approached her hesitatingly, holding his dimpled silk hat in the bend of his arm.

"We have indeed, Miss Vanety," he deprecatingly replied. "Purely by chance, I must admit—very fortunately—ah!—tracing the collateral line of Alyn——"

"*Is* there a collateral line of Alyn, Mr. Satterly?"

"Indeed, yes, Miss Vanety." Mr. Satterly caressed the frayed edge of his frock coat nervously. "Alyn of Alyn—beginning with John—whose second sister Barbara, a great flirt, in the year 1542 was espoused——"

Here Mr. Satterly's eye fell upon no less a person than "Clarkson" (whom the world calls butler)—immaculate, contemptuous, implacable—who, having announced him at the library door, stood waiting to close it after him. A strangely apologetic look came over Mr. Satterly in that compelling presence, and speech died upon his lips, and casting toward the beautiful girl upon the stairs a tremulous smile, he glided down the hall and through the doorway. Patricia followed.

Beyond the door, where there was no longer quartered oak but mahogany, at a wide mahogany table, a middle-aged youth with sad brown eyes, and temples streaked with gray, sat in dainty exclusiveness. This was Algernon.

"Ah, Mr. Vanety, I was this instant telling your daughter—a most interesting discovery——" As his mild voice went onward Mr. Satterly slid across the room with a shrinking and circuitous movement.

"May I come in?" asked Patricia from the doorway.

"Certainly, my daughter," replied Algernon, reserved even toward Patricia, with a stately gesture of one delicate finger pointing a chair for Mr. Satterly.

Mr. Satterly set his hat upon the floor beside him, and took from his pocket fat bundles of dirty papers, some of which temporarily he put into the hat.

"——interesting discovery, Mr. Vanety, concerning the—ah!—presence in the coat-of-arms of the wild bulls' heads——"

He gestured. In this particular room a coat-of-arms—carved, embossed or painted—displayed here and there the heads of two wild bulls side by side. Mr. Vanety rested his aristocratic cheek upon his long fingers, and his eyes were lighted with anticipation while he waited.

"Um-m!—not this," Mr. Satterly's gentle voice continued, running through the papers. "Um-m! Prester John—not that. King of the Comans—no. Very interesting, but not what we are looking for. Aha! 'the said Aylmer Vanety'—I ask your attention, Mr. Vanety and—ah!—Miss Vanety, while I read to you.

"'The French King Louis'—I am now reading, Mr. Vanety——" And he read slowly: "'The French King Louis lay therefore at Acre, and, the croisade having accomplished nothing, upon divers men were conferred honors and rewards for their great services. In these was passed over the said Aylmer Vanety without mention, whereat he became confounded with melancholy.' What a scent of antiquity there is, Mr. Vanety, about those words!"

"Yes, yes," said Algernon. The scent of antiquity was sweet to him.

"'——confounded with melancholy, and his life seemed wearisome to him, considering himself no more regarded than were such base slaves and villeins as died daily upon the sands and in the streets of the city in vast numbers. Resolved he, therefore'—Is not that delightful, Mr. Vanety? 'Resolved he!' We should have said 'He resolved,' but not so the chronicler."

"I wonder why he didn't?" said Patricia abruptly.

"Oh, Do be Careful; You'll Crush My Dress!"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you, Miss Vanety. 'Resolved he, therefore, to abandon that monarch by whom doughty deeds were so ill rewarded, and alone to retrace that path whereby the first croisades had entered into the Holy Land. Thus he passed from Acre to Cyprus, and by Smyrna to Constantinople, into Thrace, to Belgrade, and to Slavonia.' —Quite a jaunt, Mr. Vanety! 'Here he abode divers days. Wherein it happed that the Slavonian king hunted, and the creatures of the region being driven together by the hunters, the king and his gentlemen did set themselves to slay them; and a bull out of the forest rushing upon the king, who having fallen down was without defense and helpless, the said Vanety, being in armor, at risk of his life did advance upon the beast, first with the sword assailing him mightily, but to no end. Whereat another bull, joining the first, did attack the king, the attendants standing motionless in terror. And this one also did Vanety engage. Straightway with a poleaxe, which he had seized from the hand of an attendant, he smote one beast and the other where neck and head are joined, so that they fell down dead.' Your attention now particularly, Mr. Vanety; I ask your attention."

He need not have asked it: reserve had deserted Algernon, whose gaze was tense with eagerness.

"'Thus came to him,' says the account, 'those honors which at Acre had escaped him, for arms bearing the heads of two wild bulls were granted him by the Slavonian prince, who considered that without such aid death would have been his portion.' Ah, Mr. Vanety! did I not say an important discovery, a remarkable discovery?" cried Mr. Satterly.

Excitement seized Mr. Vanety, and trembling he took his hand from his cheek and clasped it spasmodically with the other. Where it had been, despite the cheek's thinness, was left a dimple; and when he unclasped his hand it fell as by force of habit on a check-book.

"I don't believe a word of it," declared Patricia decidedly.

Mr. Satterly slowly turned his gentle face toward her with a grieved expression.

"I don't!" said Patricia, her nose in the air. "I think you made it all up to sell to father."

"Daughter!" cried Algernon with paternal sternness. Patricia went to stand by the window.

"At what time——" commenced Algernon.

"About the middle of the thirteenth century," replied Mr. Satterly, rubbing his hands together. "I should call 1255 the year the arms were granted."

Algernon's eyes turned toward the bulls' heads with happy pride. He reached eagerly for the paper on Mr. Satterly's knee, and himself read it through with subdued trembling.

"1255!" he exclaimed with unconcealed exultation, and he got up to look at the bulls' heads more closely. "1255, Satterly!" Mr. Satterly rose also, his attention wandering for an instant between the check-book and the clock, for it was time for dinner.

A species of admiration moved Algernon. "What a noble work yours is, Satterly!"

"Ah, Mr. Vanety, a work of love, a——"

At the mention of love Patricia turned from the window. Mr. Satterly had regained his hat, and she saw that he was folding a check. Bowing effusively and nervously, he wriggled toward the doorway like an eel, and disappeared like an illusion of the senses.

Algernon gave his arm to his daughter and they went in to dinner.

Can you imagine a more delightful conspiracy of events? Sir Charles Landower was approaching, and, though he had never seen her, was already—in Algernon's heart—married to Patricia. The family of Vanety at a single step had been carried back three centuries beyond the earliest former record and placed but a notch below the Plantagenets and the Percys. Algernon, who would have died rather than that one fleck of dust should spot the fame of the ancestral Aylmer—now so very dead himself and so very dusty—seldom spoke of these matters to his father. He dreaded to hear them touched by an irreverent tongue. But to-day he could not keep silence completely.

He waited until Patricia had left the table. "In the matter of the family history," he began at last, laying one aristocratic hand upon the other, "there came to light to-day something of unusual interest."

John was cracking a last walnut deliberately and with determination. "Another tomb, Al?" he asked good-naturedly.

"If you wish to put it that way."

"An old one?"

"Of the thirteenth century."

John's lips puckered. "Al, I like a man that can stand up without holding on to something," he said at last, gently and irrelevantly.

"We might call it a legend," said Algernon, without reply, making a concession. "Mr. Satterly——" Algernon, holding Mr. Satterly's soiled paper in his delicate fingers, spread it, saying, "Let me read this to you, father."

"If you and Satterly can stand it I guess it won't hurt me."

With a look of bovine resignation, John played with the nutshells while he listened.

"'The French King Louis lay, therefore, at Acre,'" Algernon was reading. John closed his eyes but he was not sleeping. . . . "'Resolved he, therefore, to abandon that monarch . . . and to retrace that path . . . by Smyrna to Constantinople, into Thrace, to Belgrade and to Slavonia . . .'" John wondered whether the shipping department knew where Thrace was located. . . . "'Wherein it happed that the Slavonian king hunted; . . . and a bull out of the forest rushing upon the king . . . the said Vanety . . . Straightway with a poleaxe, which he had seized from the hand of an attendant, he smote one beast and the other where neck and head are joined, so that they fell down dead——'"

No Friendly Spirit Grasped His Arm to Detain Him

It was startling to see how suddenly John awakened to interest, how his shrewd eyes quickened; he was no longer the same man.

"What! What! What! What's that?" he cried, like a magazine-gun shooting exclamations.

In his pursuit of the Vanety genealogy Algernon had never before struck a spark from his flint-headed father. His delight was evident. He laid the paper down, smiled, and folded his long fingers; then he picked it up again, and read with emphasis:

"'Straightway with a poleaxe, which he had seized from the hand of an attendant, he smote one beast and the other where neck and head are joined, so that they fell down dead.'"

John's eyebrows worked. "Well, that's very much the way we do it to-day," he commented.

With his white finger, Algernon had been keeping his place upon the paper. "Let me finish, father: . . . 'For arms bearing the heads of two wild bulls were granted him by the Slavonian prince.' You see, father, that is the origin of our arms, in the crusades, from which so many of the bearings of the greatest families are dated."

"Yes, yes; all right, Al," said John abstractedly, his eyes fixed as though there were some question he was considering. "Will you let my stenographer make a copy of that thing?"

The pale face of Algernon would have grown red with pleasure had it been capable of an act so vulgar, and he rose, eager to see to the preparation of a copy. As he went out old John was contemplatively repeating, "Very much the way we do it to-day, by thunder!" And at the same moment the twenty-seven trunks of Sir Charles Landower were being put upon the rail at Washington, preparatory to one more step toward Chicago; and Patricia and Arthur Holley, having met quite by chance at the foot of the stairs (you may be certain he had not been waiting half an hour by the narrow window that looked out upon the carriage-drive, listening for her footsteps), were talking. As is customary when people are drawing nearer and nearer together, they spoke of separation.

"Are you getting anxious to go home?" asked Patricia frankly.

He was nonplused for the instant: it was evident that the conception of a young man adrift—completely adrift—had never come to her.

"Why, I *am* home," he said blankly.

She turned and regarded him curiously. "I thought your home was in the West?" she questioned.

"I have lived in the West," he answered simply.

"But your mother?"

"I have no mother."

"And father?"

He answered that he had no father. It was amazing what emotions came to Patricia, clouding her eyes, because he had *nobody*. Pretending to look another way, he watched the childlike profile of her lovely face, and his arms ached to take her.

"I thought you knew that," he said at last.

"I did—but I never comprehended it before," she answered. And after a pause: "So, when you work, you are not working *for* anybody."

He clasped his hands tightly behind his back so that they should do nothing unwarranted. "No one but myself—until recently."

Suddenly she turned her glorious eyes full upon him. "I doubt whether I could work successfully wholly for myself," he said with difficulty, for his throat seemed closing. "I doubt whether I—whether any man succeeds unless a woman helps him."

Something delicious and at the same time terrifying took possession of Patricia, and she sought refuge in the last defense left to her.

"Do you think success is worth such a price?" she asked, with her eyes filled with laughter.

He saw that it was necessary to laugh with her.

"From the man's point of view it ought to be worth it," he answered.

"I was wondering about the woman."

She stood so close to him, she was so alluring, so altogether desirable! The soft odor of her presence surrounded him. But he knew now that it was possible to be afraid. It would be so easy, if he spoke what was in his heart, for those laughing eyes to darken, so simple a thing for her to leave his future empty. And without her what would the world be but an outer darkness!

. . . . . .

It was, I believe, on the Tuesday after Sir Charles finally arrived in the city that the younger McIver, of the famous mail-order house of Pond, McIver & Co., which undersells the country dealers, gave a dinner in his honor at the Adjunct Hotel. The evening was clear and pleasant. There were lights at the yacht club; stars shone on the water. There were twenty covers at a cost of fifty-five dollars apiece, and a dozen bright eyes, perhaps, had been warned to play upon Sir Charles Landower.

Patricia's father had mentioned Sir Charles' fine estate to her; Sir Charles' position, which was enviable; his prospects, which it stopped the breath to think of. Her hair had been dressed three times before it satisfied him; twice he had sent her back to change her jewelry; he had made her cover with powder a little scar no bigger than nothing at all at the corner of her eyebrows—such a blemish! There was some one who, if he had had the chance, would have kissed the powder away again to find the scar, because he thought it beautiful. And in the hallway of the house of Vanety, in an instant that she waited for the carriage, this person had spoken to her. He guessed that the cloud on his horizon was the size of the hand of Sir Charles Landower.

She stood with a cloak across her shoulders—queenly, very adorable. The jewels flashed.

"I wish you were going with us," she said simply.

It was quite impossible for him to engage in an ordinary conversation. "I wish I were," he said, "to bring you back again."

"To bring me back?" she queried merrily.

"I am afraid," he explained in a husky voice, "that after to-night you will never come back to . . . us."

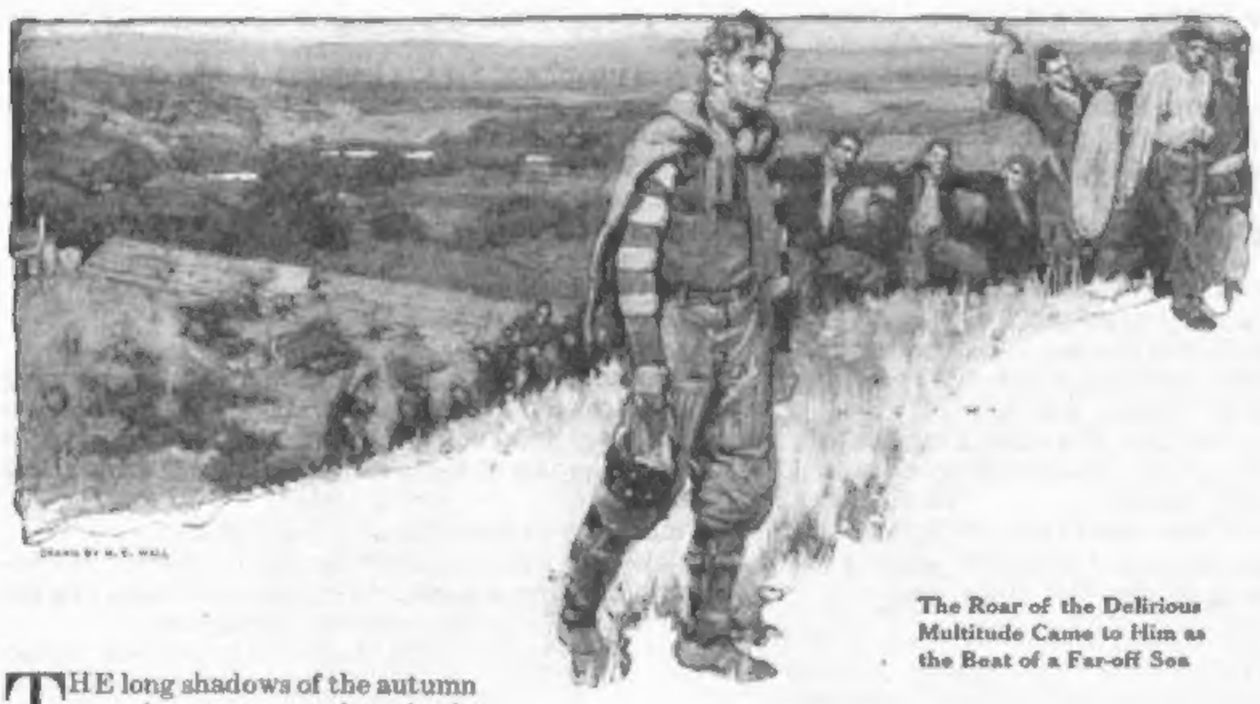
She slightly paled.

(Continued on Page 25)

THE IDEALIST

By James Hopper

Author of Strength of the Weak



The Roar of the Delirious Multitude Came to Him as the Beat of a Far-off Sea

THE long shadows of the autumn evening were creeping slowly across the campus; already they had passed in gentle undulation over the bleachers, and to the imponderable touch the enthusiasm of the men had calmed to something less ferocious, finer and more tender. The rhythmic roars of defiance, the concerted bursts of exultation had ceased, and now they sang a little song, softly, in the gloaming:

"Oh, here's to Charley Pringle,
Charley Pringle, Charley Pringle,
Oh, here's to Charley Pringle,
God bless him, heigh-ho!"

To Thane, lying on the side-lines in a tense stretching of his slender body toward the field, the change was grateful, and the last of some bitterness black within him evaporated to a glow of his whole being. Before him, vague in the brown haze of the coming night, the team, with sudden rushings of feet and catapultic shocks, was tearing through the scrubs in the last practice before the big game. On the day following the morrow they would go forth to battle for the college, and the fact that he was now on the side-lines meant that he would not be of them.

Four years before, a freshman, he had gone out upon the field to strive for the golden honor of service now finally denied him. Right away he had been judged. From the bleachers his slender body, his hazy blue eyes, his ingenuous fervor had been immediately recognized as an element of joy for the long practice evenings, and as promptly had gained him the nickname of "Girlie." And the coaches, discussing that night the new material, had dismissed him from further consideration with one curt word—"Crockery"—the fragile crockery, material unfit for the grinding team-machine. In his four years of furious striving he had failed to modify the verdict. "Crockery" he had remained to the coaches, though at times—often in this last season—he displayed flashes of something tense, almost weird, that threw them—men dealing with matter and apt to forget the spirit—into profound astonishment; and to the bleachers he was still "Girlie," the very ardor of his loyalty to college having something exaggerated, emotional, almost mystic, that caused him to be regarded by his fellows with a certain irony, half tender, half contemptuous.

They started another verse on the bleachers, now fading fast beneath the shadow of the giant eucalypti, with another name, in successive tribute to the members of the team. "Oh, here's to Jimmy Whipple," they sang,

"Jimmy Whipple, Jimmy Whipple,
Oh, here's to Jimmy Whipple,
God bless him, heigh-ho!"

To the vague melancholy of the hour they responded unconsciously. They sang in low key, caressingly; the high voice of a tenor wailed a little. Thane thrilled in one of the accesses of fervor that made him slightly ridiculous—a fervor of love, of adoration for his College, his Alma Mater, Mother of his Soul. A tumult of sensations, of sentiments, surged within him: tenderness, fealty, a desire for sacrifice; they mingled with visions almost tangible: a great blue banner with a golden C smacking high in the breeze, marble halls upon tawny hills above an azure sea; and then all this seemed to blend like vapors meeting in the sky, and he saw Her, the Alma Mater herself, the Soul-Mother, of whom he was at once the son and the knight: she, throned there above, robed in clouds, distant, shadowy, inexpressibly fair; upon her brow lay the marmoreal calm of purity and wisdom; her hair was as the streaks of sun-kissed rain; her eyes were as the sea.

But some one shook him, and he dropped out of his fine frenzy. The practice line-up had ended, the scrubs were trotting up the hill to the gymnasium, and from the centre of the field where the team waited the coach was calling him. Such returns to earth usually left Thane somewhat crestfallen, but this night the exaltation did not leave him; and as he walked out upon the field, grave as for a sacrificial rite, his face glowed with something that the others had not. He passed Gammon, the quarter who had beaten him out, on his way to the side-lines for his sweater; he looked upon the squat power of his form without the usual feeling of inferiority; within him something thrilled finer than anything Gammon might have. He came to the team.

"Run them through their plays," said the coach.

He placed himself behind the rampart of muscle-bulging jerseys; lightly he passed his hand from end to end, and each man beneath the touch started uneasily, stamped his cleats deeper into the earth, drew closer to his companion till they were welded into one body as by a hoop of steel; he passed a slow, heavy glance upon the three backs, and the tense power of their expectant crouch became vibrant; he spoke two or three quiet words, and the whole eleven, a moment before like a dray mired and atilt in the mud, began to tremble with an inward ebullition, like a locomotive feeling at the lever the hand of the favorite master. His signal rang in clear bugle note, and the human machine leaped forward in a five-yard ramming. Another signal caught the spend of its effort and hurled it forward again; and to the crackling of repeated signals the team swept across the field in pulses of power, an irresistible body at the command of an ardent soul.

"That will do," said the coach.

Immediately the team began to disintegrate, the men, smoking like wet straw, walking wearily toward the subs, who held their sweaters. But Thane stood motionless, rapt like the musician who, long after his bow has ceased caressing its last note, listens to the echoes of his unappeased soul. This was the best he was to know. On the day after the morrow the team would go forth to battle, and he would not be with them. This was the best he was to know; it was the climax of his career, this charge across the empty field, puerile, against a vacuum. But it was something, a great deal. To the innermost fibre he glowed with the exaltation; for he had felt respond to his touch the vibrant force of flesh and blood; he had felt it bound beneath his voice, to the inspiration of his soul: that they could not take from him; rapt, he concentrated his being to drinking of it to the dregs.

On the bleachers they had at length come down to his name. "Oh, here's to Girlie Thane, oh; Girlie Thane, oh; Girlie Thane, oh," they sang, and the blended voices were joyous with playful irony: "Oh, here's to Girlie Thane, oh; God bless *her*, heigh-ho!" They weighed heavily upon the "her," as had been the tradition.

Then with a rush and a shout they avalanched down upon the field. The advance wave caught up the men of the team on its crest, threw them up on heaving shoulders. With a blare the band started a double-quick march and behind it the whole college danced the serpentine four abreast. They undulated across the gridiron, then up the hill toward the gym. Thane walked up slowly, a little apart. The intoxication that possessed him was a silent and repressed one. The roar of the delirious multitude came to him as the beat of a far-off sea. Like a flapping velvet cloak the night was falling from the sky. Torches began to flare here and there, then a long, lithe flame shot up lickingly, reddening the walls of the gym. The freshmen had started their bonfire.

In the dressing-rooms the assistant coach, pausing as he started to pull off his sweater, said to the head coach:

"By the way, did you notice how Thane ran the team to-night?"

"Yes," said the coach; "he certainly does make it go. But we settled that long ago. He's only crockery. Gammon is the man."

"That's right," said the assistant. But he could not shake off the picture, still in his mind, of the team, one, concentrated, welded into a machine, thrill to the touch, leap to the voice of the slender young quarter with the rapt, spiritual face. And unconsciously his head shook from side to side in considering doubt.

Outside, like red devils, the freshmen were whirling around the fire. And Thane, pausing at the door of the gym, looked past and beyond them, to the west, where yet lingered a last glow of the set sun. And there, far, shadowy, inexpressibly fair, again he saw Her, the College, his Alma Mater, Mother of his Soul. And his whole being tensed in silent devotion.

. . . . . .

Thane lay on the side-lines, as seemed his eternal fate. About the quadrangle of yellow earth there rose on all sides, high, almost to the skies, palpitating human walls; from behind him, passing over his prostrate form like puffs of compressed air, came the rhythmic roars of his college men. Sometimes these roars rose to piercing, exultant shrieks that flattened him still lower with their concussion. His eyes were out upon the white-streaked gridiron upon which his team, blue-jerseyed and gold-striped, were battling with the men of flaming cardinal red.

A vague uneasiness possessed him, for to his practiced eye things were not going quite as had been expected. The game had begun with an exchange of punts, then Thane's fellows, the Tigers, as they had become popularly known, veterans all, working together with the calm confidence of their proven strength, resolutely took the offensive. By a series of elastic lunges, almost jauntily they swept back the Cardinal team, heavy and strong as it was, clear across the field, back almost against their goal-posts in a heaving, disordered mass. There, however, Gammon, the squat quarter, signaled for a drop kick. Kaarsberg, the full, fell back, received the ball a little high, juggled a trifle—and the kick went wide of the posts. Immediately, from their twenty-five-yard line where the ball had been brought out, the Cardinal team, with a strong breeze behind, punted far down the field; and when the Tigers secured the ball it was fifteen yards within their own territory.

With the lesson of perseverance deep written in their souls by many battles, the Tigers, undismayed, started again. This time, however, they did not sweep off their feet the Cardinal team, which, though new and relatively inexperienced, was heavy and tremendously powerful. The advance was slow—a patient, stubborn pounding. Three times the linesmen had to be called in for accurate measurement of downs gained by inches. But finally, when in triumphant burst the striped team gained the ten-yard line, again Gammon, made sullen by his first failure, signaled for a drop. To a drone of disapproval from the

But it was Technical, Technical, All Technical

bleachers, Kaarsberg danced back to position. The ball sailed to him fair from the centre. Raising it with arms outstretched straight opposite his eyes, he let it fall, at the same time stepping forward with his left foot; his right swung sharply forward, caught the lower oval upon the toe, and the ball rose slowly up and forward. It soared toward the goal, well-directed, but a little to the right, hovered a moment as in doubt, almost over the cross-bar; then a fierce puff of the fast rising wind deflected it. It swerved to the right, imperceptibly at first, then decidedly, and swooped past the long perpendicular post, a few inches outside of it. A roar of disappointment, quickly drowned by an exultant cry from the other side, came from the bleachers; and in the turmoil the Cardinals, bringing the ball out to the twenty-five-yard line, kicked it atop a whirling gust of wind deep into blue-and-gold territory.

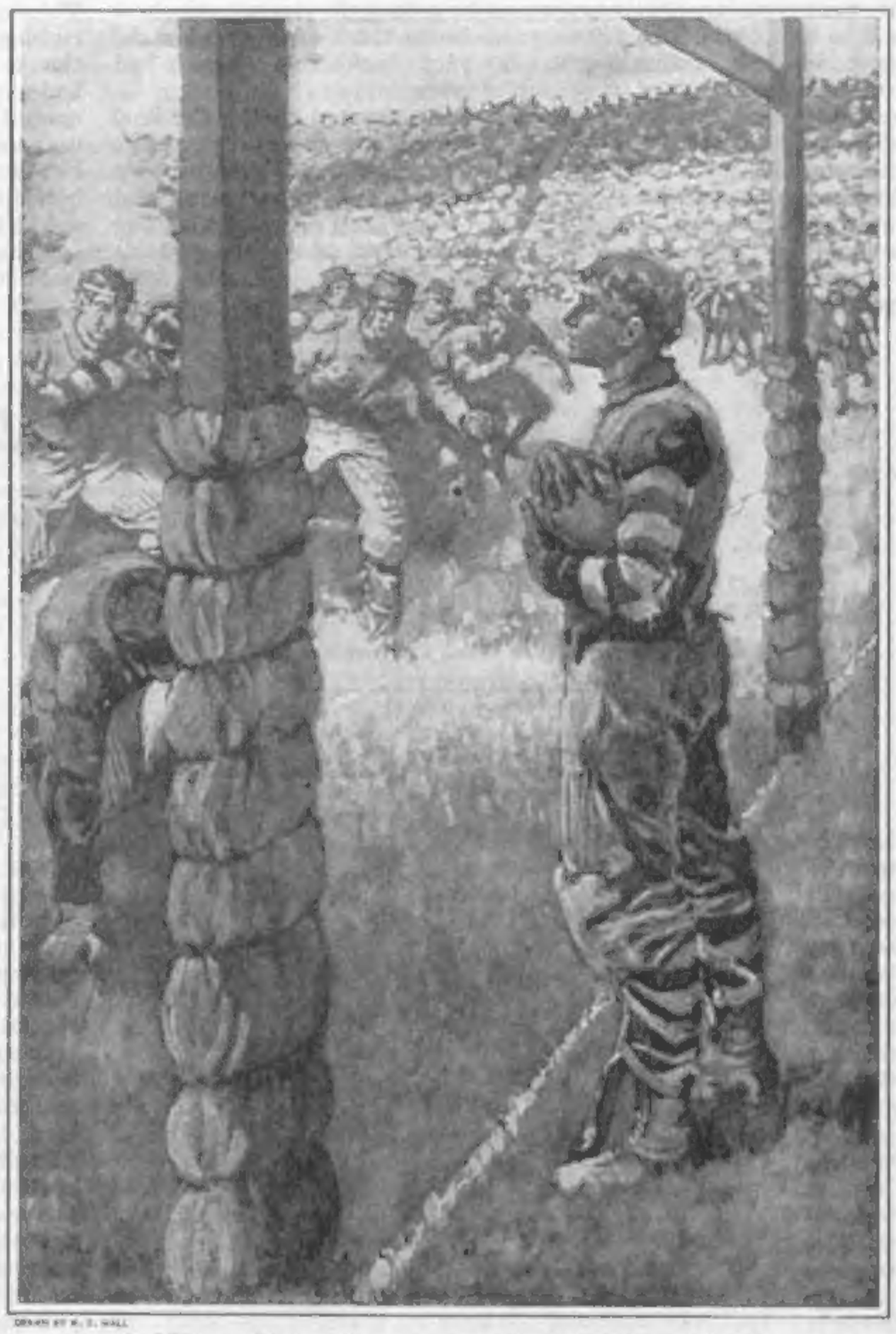
Securing the ball, the striped team gathered itself together for another effort, a growl at the failure of generalship that was robbing them of their toil. The linemen, cleats deep in the earth, lowered their heads, and the whole welded body swung to and fro for a moment like a sullen bull nursing its rage; then with a catapultic shock it was on its way again, tearing through the red opposition. But the Cardinal team was fighting better every moment. Right in the game it was getting the experience that solely it lacked; minute after minute it was being pounded into unity. The gains became shorter; at nearly every down the linesmen with their sticks and chain ran out upon the field to measure the bitterly disputed yards; and the blue-and-gold backs when tackled clawed the ground for precious inches. And then, finally, when the Cardinal team had been backed up, panting, sobbing, against its five-yard line, the ferocious attacks of the Tigers broke impotently upon it like sea-foam upon rock—and in three whirling downs the Cardinal eleven had regained the ball and punted it back far down the field.

But again the Tigers, iron-hearted, started for the Cardinal goal. By this time it was not the confident, jaunty team of the beginning. Each gain took all their skill, their cunning, the lesson learned bitterly in so many battles; each gain took all of their concentrated strength which despairingly they felt ebbing from them like sand out of a torn sack; and Thane, on the side-lines, writhed to the agony of their toil. Behind him, in the press-stand, a reporter was shouting into a telephone, and his short, brutal sentences rang inexorable like a pronouncement of doom. "The Tigers are tiring," the reporter shouted; "they're tiring, tiring! Their gains are almost nothing now. Their strength is going. They can't score now—they can't, they can't! It's a busted team, busted, clean busted!"

And it was true. Those four tremendous and unavailing sweeps across the field had sapped their vitality; but that was not the worst. The wind of panic was among them, of panic at the unexpected and fearful resistance, at the suddenly revealed weakness of their leader's judgment. The rancor of men being beaten without their fault fermented within them an unreasoning distrust of their fellows, once so thoroughly trusted; and the team was disintegrating. Thane saw it all, detail by detail. Greisberg and Athearn, the two big guards, were working spasmodically, at one time tearing immense holes in exaggerated despairing effort, the next, listless, allowing their opponents to get the jump on them. Whipple, the left tackle, was wrecking himself in unreasoning fury. Thane looked at Pringle, expecting from him some of the typical encouraging shouts that so often had pulled together a frenzied team; but right away he saw that the big, jolly captain was lost in his own individual problem. Pitted against him was a young freshman, a giant of singular strength and agility, and Pringle was calling to himself all his resources to uphold his veteran's prestige which alone up to now had enabled him to subdue his terrible antagonist. He knew that he must bluff the young fellow, retain the moral ascendency, or be outplayed. So, pale as death, big tears of sweat upon his brow, he smiled in the face of his yet diffident opponent, tweaked his nose, pulled his hair, joshed him in a running stream of contemptuous talk, submitted him to a thousand indignities, while within him he feared the sudden realization of superior strength which might any moment come to the novice. And so he had no time to give to his fast-breaking team. Behind the line things were as bad. Kaarsberg, dishevelled, dilated-eyed, was going wild. Hall was in one of his bad moments; a sneer upon his lips, he played aloof from his fellows. Of that whole team only three men remained unmoved: Cornish, the centre, grim and silent, snapping back the ball steady as a mechanical feeder; Smith, the right half, bucking with his steady fury; and Gammon, squat and stolid, passing the ball with the smoothness of an endless chain, but running the team heavily, with no vibration to his calls, no inspiration to his gestures.

And yet the disorganized team, with jerky attacks, forced the ball along for twenty yards. They lost it, and the Cardinal Reds punted it back forty. With another series of spasmodic efforts the Tigers pushed forward fifteen yards; and the Reds punted back forty. Then, sullen and morose, Gammon gave up the offensive. Kaarsberg punted into Red territory; but the Reds, cunningly evading the invitation to take the lead, punted back and, with the wind behind them, gained ten yards in the exchange.

And then came the disaster. Only ten yards from his own last white line, the Tiger quarter decided on a fake kick; but his signal, muffled in the roar of the rooters, was misunderstood by Cornish. Straight back between his legs the centre hurled the ball to Kaarsberg as for a punt, but the full-back was already galloping far to the left for the fake. With a heart-bursting sense of the irretrievable,



And There a Moment Later the Avenging Red Whirl Caught Him

Thane saw the ball, with none to receive it, strike the ground, then roll on clean over the Tiger goal-line; he saw Gammon straining after it, a whirl of Cardinal red behind, saw him leave his feet, flash along the ground, cover the ball with his body. But it was too late. Before he could rise and throw himself back upon the gridiron, the red whirl was upon him, crushing him back to earth—and it was a safety, and it scored two clear points for the Cardinal.

For a moment Thane was stunned; then his blood heated within him in a burst of rebelling loyalty. And as, a few minutes later, the half being over, he followed the team to the dressing-rooms, without knowing it he was repeating, over and over again: "We'll beat 'em, kill 'em next half; we'll beat 'em, kill 'em next half!" Above him, in the penumbra of his heated imagination, he saw Her, the College, calm, pure, inexpressibly fair. It could not be, it could not be; her knights could not fail! A formidable desire to act, to do, twitched at his muscles; and on his bench, in an obscure corner of the steaming room, he was mumbling, without knowing it, his desperate slogan: "We'll beat 'em, kill 'em next half!"

The physical condition of the team had not escaped the trainers, and for five minutes there was heard nothing but the dripping of water, the gurgle of wet sponges, the ripping of bandages; then the coach sprang upon a bench and began to talk. Thane listened, all ready for firm approval; but a disappointment, vague at first, then immense, whelmed him. The man spoke bitingly of the mistakes made, of the going to pieces of the team; but it was technical, technical, all technical—not at all what was needed, what Thane himself longed to pour out: an evocation of the College, the Alma Mater for whom they fought, a call upon their fealty, their love, their passionate devotion. It was not there, not there at all, in that bitter upbraiding—the flame of sacrifice, the rally to the Cause that would sweep these men onward, irresistible, to victory. It was not there—and Thane, without knowing it, was on his feet, had sprung upon the bench. His lips opened; a ringing "Fellows!" was already upon them——

But the referee's shrill whistle, calling the renewal of the battle, saved him from the ridiculous demonstration. Thane followed the team out, leaving them at the side-lines. The men, in the short recess, had regained their composure; their bodies glowing with comfort beneath the new, dry jerseys, they trotted out solidly in a compact platoon far different from the straggling rout that had left the field at the end of the first half. Thane noted this, noted the fixed eyes and grinding teeth, and his soul grew firm with rock-bound confidence. "Things will be different now," he said to himself; "mighty different now!"

And for a while they were. Confidently the Tigers took the offensive, and, working smoothly, like well-oiled machinery, with a cunning checking and sudden concerted release of strength that pushed home eleven efforts as one, they swept victoriously along the field. But a perverse Fate hovered over them. A fumble lost them the ball on the ten-yard line. The Cardinal full-back punted, and Kaarsberg, slipping in the one puddle of mud left on the field by a watering-cart, dropped the ball, the Reds regaining it. On the blue-and-gold thirty-yard line the Cardinal full-back took his position for a try at a field-goal.

It was a critical moment, but Thane did not fear. The Tigers were again the veterans of old. Thane saw the line settle down in a crouch tremendous with resolve. From the bleachers came a rhythmic command: "Block that kick! Block that kick!" The ball sailed back from the centre; Thane saw the striped jerseys flash through the Cardinal line like spray through a sieve; he saw Pringle, ahead of the rest, leap up in the air, remain as if suspended there, huge arms outstretched as if upon a cross. There was a resounding thump. Thane sprang to his feet, electrified. "Kick blocked!" he yelled shrilly.

And instantaneously he saw the victorious stroke turned to defeat. By an extraordinary chance the ball, bounding back from Pringle's chest, nestled right into the arms of the Cardinal full-back. With the rapidity of instinct he swerved aside and then, the ball tucked securely under his armpit, was loping at full speed around the bewildered Tigers, huddled up by their convergent charge to block. Kaarsberg himself was off his guard; at the telltale thump of the blocked ball he had sprung forward. The impetus was still upon him when the red jersey of the Cardinal full flashed into sight. He threw himself sideways in a long, desperate tackle; his fingers just tipped the heels of the flying man; the latter tripped, recovered, and then, off his balance, went stumbling and reeling onward across the remaining twenty yards, clear across the last white line for a touch-down.

A silence of lead settled upon the blue-and-gold bleachers, while the stands, the sky, the whole universe went red, and red screams pierced the brain. But Thane's whole being rose in passionate affirmation of devotion. At this last trick played by Fate upon the unsullied honor of his college he boiled in protestation. It was like some monstrous divine injustice. His innermost fibres rebelled, and he twitched upon the side-lines in a mad desire for action, in a spasm of will to conquer, which he felt he could almost transmit to the team, out there beyond his voice and touch. And he watched them, absorbed, watched them, heroically persistent, thunder down the field, to lose the ball and see it swoop back over their heads, stealing from them the yards bitterly gained; thunder down again, almost to the goal, for another heart-breaking loss of the ball, and, regaining it, again renew the long, hard, unavailing effort for the last white line, the twofold crossing of which alone

could regain them their lost honor. But surely the shadow of the irrevocable was descending upon the doomed team. One touch-down would not suffice to even up the eight points of the Cardinal; two were necessary, and yet one seemed impossible. Each time, after hammering back the Red team almost to the goal, they failed in the subtle paroxysm of effort necessary to push home the success, and the Reds, maddened, hurled them back, sapped of strength, like children. And the crushing knowledge of how much was to be done, and how little they yet could do, began to steal into their hearts like a paralysis. The gains became shorter; the ball began to be lost farther from goal. The team at times only crept; finally it stopped in the centre of the field, as if mired, its efforts spasmodic as those of a dying animal.

It was then that the coach, watching with white lips his team going to pieces, stumbled upon Thane. The substitute was crouched upon the side-line, his legs doubled beneath him, his weight forward upon his hands—and his whole body was quivering elastically like that of a feline stalking its prey. A sudden inspiration came to the coach.

"Get in there, Thane," he said shortly, "and pull us out of that mess."

And Thane, rising lithely and casting off his sweater in the movement, stepped out upon the field. He went across the trampled ground, calm, grave-eyed, as if to a sacrificial rite; the restrained exaltation of his being shone from his face like a white flame, and the bleachers, mute at first with astonishment and doubt, now catching the subtle emanation, broke out into a great cry of joyous confidence.

He came to the team, took his position behind the rampart of muscle-bulging jerseys. Lightly he passed his hand from end to end; each man beneath the touch started, stamped the ground, dug his cleats into the earth, snuggled close to his fellow, till they were bound as by a hoop of steel. He turned toward the backs, and to his glance they crouched low, vibrant with cumulating effort. He spoke a quiet word, and the team, a moment before like an abandoned dray careened in the mud, began to tremble with an inward ebullition, like a locomotive feeling at the lever the caress of the master's hand. It was a third down with five yards to gain, but he did not doubt.

"Four-ten-six!" he shouted like a clarion, and Hall, taking the ball from him, plunged ahead, his whole weight forward, his feet drumming the ground behind. With two thuds that sounded as one, Greisberg and Pringle tore open the Cardinal line and Hall flashed through. He crashed against the secondary defense, wavered a moment, his feet still furiously pounding the ground, then, the whole team swirling behind him, he swerved, broke loose, and, with a Cardinal back twined like a snake about his legs, staggered on for six yards.

"First down!" called the referee.

Again Thane called upon Hall for another gain; then he cross-tackled Smith in a rhinoceros charge and, the Cardinal line now crouching low for better resistance, he sent Kaarsberg hurdling like a comet over their heads.

And thus they went down the field, an irresistible machine infused with an indomitable soul. Ceaselessly running from one end of the line to the other with word and gesture of encouragement he welded the eleven to the heat of his faith. Fifteen yards from a touch-down they lost the ball, and, taking it forty yards back, from where it had been punted, they started again.

"Oh, we'll come back!" he shouted to the Cardinal captain smiling derisively at this new check; "you can't beat us; you can't beat Her, you know!" And his tone had a calm assurance that froze the red-jerseyed man. And they began again the long assault. With great whistling expulsions of breath, as of one man, as of some gigantic wood-chopper felling some mammoth oak, the team rammed and rammed with constantly increasing fury. And all the time he was playing upon the Cardinal line like a pianist upon his instrument, his ear attentive for the false note. And at last he had found it—the left tackle: it was the left tackle that was weakening. The great hoarse breath of the team quickened to his spur, redoubled its beats, and like a fiendish catapult they battered the doomed man, broke him, surged over him, drowned him, dazed, blinded as by a gale-pushed surf. Five yards from goal the Cardinal team stopped them for two downs, and then, with one last chance before them, the Tigers, throbbing with fury, hurled them back and swept them across the last precious white line.

A moment later the goal was kicked. But this was not enough. This made six points only to the Cardinal eight.

"We'll come again, in a minute!" Thane shouted to the Cardinal captain, and then, to the referee: "How much time have we?"

And then he sickened to the sense of irretrievable disaster. For the referee, pursing up his lips significantly, had shaken his head in refusal to answer—which meant that the five-minute limit beyond which time cannot be told was already passed, that there were now left less than five minutes to turn defeat into victory, less than five—how much less he could only surmise in exasperating doubt. There was still in his mind a vague picture of the referee rushing to him with open mouth between two scrimmages; that must have been the announcement, but just when it had come he could not remember. At one moment it seemed but a second ago, the man's voice still echoed in his ear; and then suddenly it fell back, back in past time, and he started in fear, imagining the shrill whistle that would herald the end.

The Cardinal team spread out in a long line across the centre of the field; the Tigers scattered over their own half; from his position, clear back, almost beneath the white

(Concluded on Page 22)

ECHOES OF GREATNESS

By JOHN S. WISE

Author of The End of an Era

William McKinley

ONE of the first men with whom I became acquainted when I entered the House of Representatives was William McKinley, then called Major McKinley by all his associates, and it came about in this way:

At the close of the war, a gentleman named Louis Schaefer, a resident of Canton, Ohio, opened a correspondence with my father. Mr. Schaefer was one of the best men I ever knew. He was a German. Although he resided in Ohio, he thoroughly sympathized with the South throughout the war, and now that she was defeated he expressed himself as anxious to contribute out of his abundance to the relief of her poverty. Soon after the war ended he and his wife visited Richmond for the sole purpose of meeting my father personally. At his home Mr. Schaefer was universally regarded as a public-spirited citizen, and although his views antagonized the Union sentiment about him, and he no doubt made enemies by the boldness with which he expressed his opinions, he nevertheless commanded the respect of his community and a great deal of affection. My father was interested in an asylum for the care of orphans of Confederate soldiers. Mr. Schaefer made a handsome contribution to that object. He was always actively interested in politics and corresponded voluminously with my father on that subject. About 1870 he induced my nephew, after his graduation in law, to go to Canton to practice, and he became a member of Mr. Schaefer's household during several years' residence there. I may mention incidentally that one of Mr. Schaefer's daughters afterward married a young attorney named William R. Day, who subsequently became Attorney-General and Secretary of State under McKinley, and is now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

When my nephew, the former protégé of Mr. Schaefer, was married about 1871, Mr. Schaefer came to his wedding, near Richmond, and we had a jolly time together. It is needless to add that Mr. Schaefer was a rabid Democrat and that in those days he hated Republicans and Republicanism. I doubted, when I became a Republican, whether I should have the support of my father's old friend, but one of the first letters of congratulation which I received was from Mr. Schaefer, who added that he was particularly anxious I should meet his Representative, Major McKinley—"the only Republican I support." I was naturally anxious to know one whose personal attractiveness could overcome such prejudices as I knew Mr. Schaefer felt.

It was not difficult to find Major McKinley. He was studiously present at all sessions, a clean-shaven, sweet-faced, approachable man, who seemed to have as many

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of personal reminiscences of celebrities by John S. Wise.

The Barbers Vied with Each Other to Make it Pleasant for the Major

friends on one side of the House as on the other. Our seats were near together. I first met him in the barber-shop of the House, where the barbers vied with each other to make it pleasant for the Major. He was lolling back in a chair when I walked up to him, told him of our common acquaintance and introduced myself. McKinley was a genial soul, and, when pleased, had a peculiar light in his eyes. He was fond of Mr. Schaefer and appreciated the exception to political prejudices which the German-American had made in his favor. From that hour we were good friends.

One day while the Fitz-John Porter case was under discussion in the House, McKinley in the cloak-room gave us an interesting account of how, although he was a Union soldier and resident of Ohio, he became a Mason in the lodge at Winchester, Virginia, during the war. He said he was stationed at Winchester in the winter of 1864, and that Judge Richard Parker, a citizen of the town, was conspicuously active in alleviating the suffering of the people. This brought him into frequent contact with the Federal authorities. They all conceived a fondness for the old gentleman which he, in turn, soon reciprocated. One of the Federal officers was a prominent Mason and discovered that Judge Parker was Master of the Winchester lodge. The lodge-room had been dismantled and was probably occupied by Federal troops, but the faithful Master had all the paraphernalia in his possession. The Federal officer proposed to him to reopen the lodge. At first, as a loyal Confederate, he opposed the idea, but at last yielded to the argument that Masonry was a universal brotherhood, and that its teachings would be peculiarly available then and there to mitigate the hardships of war. So the lodge was reopened, and a number of Masons in the Federal army attended its meetings. Masonry became a fad among the uninitiated in Winchester, and McKinley, among others, joined.

McKinley was a great peacemaker. He discouraged all kinds of acrimony in the debates. I am afraid I cannot say the same for myself. I think, and have always thought, that it is a good thing now and then to tell a political opponent just what you think of him.

One day I had a royal tilt with a peppery old member from Indiana, who threatened that, when my contest was reached, I should be unseated. McKinley, after it was all over, took occasion to give me some friendly advice. "Don't allow them to draw you into such controversies," he said. "No good can come of them. You may provoke them into turning you out. I have a contest. But you never hear of that. I go on about my business and I am not even ashamed to make myself useful by working hard on their committees. You ought to do the same. I like you and don't want to see you turned out, but if you taunt them and defy them, as you do, you will tempt them to unseat you."

One day toward the close of the session, Mr. Turner, of Georgia, chairman of the Committee on Elections, a saturnine man as cold as an iceberg, called up the contested election case of Wallace vs. McKinley, and after a brief debate, in which no sort of mercy or consideration was shown him, McKinley was unseated. His defeat did not amount to much, for his term was nearly ended, and he was reëlected; but he took it very solemnly. I was sorry for him, but could not resist a little badinage. I passed by his desk where he was tying up his papers and preparing to depart with the resigned air of a Christian martyr.

"Old fellow," said I, "I feel awfully about this, but you brought it all upon yourself. You would not listen to my advice. If you had gone along quietly and had not attracted attention to your case by wrangling and abusing your political opponents, you might have finished your term undisturbed. Look at me! Why did you not follow my example?"

McKinley had big, sad eyes when he was depressed. Turning them toward me with a pained expression, he saw no joke in what I was saying and contented himself by replying:

"I think that sort of thing is, under the circumstances, very unkind."

When the sting of his defeat wore off, he enjoyed the way I had turned the tables on him and fully forgave me.

In the National Convention of 1888 I saw a great deal of McKinley. After his indignant rebuke of those who tried to spring a nomination upon him, when he was instructed for Sherman, I went over and sat beside him. Said I: "I never felt so proud of you as when you spurned that sort of double dealing. Your chance will come. But this is not the time. You could not afford to take such a nomination."

He thanked me, took my Virginia badge off my breast, and pinned his in its place. It gave me an idea. I went about the hall and procured the badges worn by numerous leaders from different States, and took them home with me for my wife to make a crazy-quilt of them. That was the passing fad of that day among ladies. But, although I still have the badges worn by McKinley, Secretary Thompson, of Indiana, Senators Quay, Allison and others, they have not been worked up into a quilt.

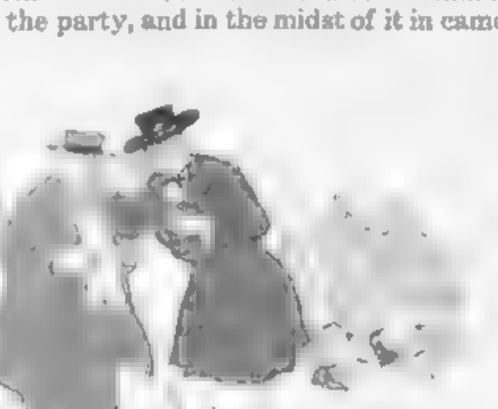
The Interview Opened by McKinley Telling Me How Much Attached to Me He was

At that time there was intense rivalry among the factions in Ohio. One of the Ohio leaders saw McKinley and myself talking together. He perhaps tried to eavesdrop. He probably caught the words: 'This is not the time." I may mention as illustrative of political meanness that he went about whispering that the demonstration in favor of McKinley had been planned, and was known in advance to McKinley, and that he heard me apologizing for its miscarriage by telling him it had not been started at the proper time.

I was in Columbus, Ohio, the day of McKinley's inauguration as Governor. He was exceedingly kind to me and invited me to accompany him, but I could not do so. On the twenty-second of February, 1894 or 1895, however, McKinley, William J. Bryan and myself were the speakers at the banquet of the Union League Club, Chicago. McKinley never was an ornate orator. I heard him on many occasions, and his speeches, with the exception of those on the tariff, concerning which he was always interesting, and one speech I heard him deliver to veterans at a reunion in Buffalo, were not very attractive. Of course, the glamour of the Presidency makes ordinary speeches sound fine and read well, but I repeat that McKinley was no orator. And the speech made that night by William Jennings Bryan was below, rather than above, mediocrity. It was a distinct disappointment and he said himself that it was a failure. I had heard so much of him that I was sorely disappointed. Since then he has undoubtedly made many stirring appeals, but that was the only speech I ever heard from Bryan from beginning to end until I heard him speak at the Gridiron Club in Washington, in 1905, when he made a speech that was a model of good taste, good temper and kind feeling. If anybody feels interest enough in the subject to refer to it again, I will leave it to some one else to tell what a poor speech I made.

During the two years prior to his nomination for the Presidency, McKinley was frequently in New York. He usually stopped at the ill-fated Windsor Hotel and I saw a great deal of him. I remember, particularly, one visit that he paid to my house.

Henry Irving had been civil to me when I was in London. Some time in the winter of 1894–95 he was playing in New York. I was anxious to entertain him, but the only way to get at him was to have him after the theatre. I lived at that time in a small house in Forty-fourth Street. I had some Chesapeake Bay terrapin, Virginia hams and Old Plantation oysters. Irving and his right bower, Bram Stoker, a prince of good fellows, agreed to come, and my first idea was to have half a dozen friends to meet them. But the party grew until I think we had twenty-seven men present, and it was a remarkable gathering. I do not recall them all, but Elihu Root, General Horace Porter, John W. Mackay, Colonel Tom Ochiltree, Joe Jefferson and William J. Florence were of the party, and in the midst of it in came Governor McKinley and his staff. On his staff were the present Governor of Ohio, Myron T. Herrick, and Colonel James H. Hoyt. My poor little house was crowded to overflowing, and we found it necessary to place card-tables in the drawing-room to accommodate some of the party. It was a literal go-as-you-please entertainment, but the fare was good and the company took it good-naturedly. McKinley particularly enjoyed it.



Went About Whispering that the Demonstration in Favor of McKinley Had Been Planned

It was an all-night affair. Irving, who is a night-owl, stayed until five o'clock in the morning. Some one who heard of it jocularly asked him why he did not remain for breakfast. With a look of perplexity and a characteristic grimace he said with a drawl: "How could I? The hot water gave out. We could not drink cold Scotch whisky after daybreak."

On many occasions afterward McKinley referred to the hilarity and fun of that night, for while he himself was not much of a fun-maker he enjoyed bright company.

When the time came for the Presidential Convention of 1896, Senator Platt tried to secure a solid delegation from New York in favor of Governor and ex-Vice-President Morton. For some reason he did not want McKinley, and used Morton as a pretext for his opposition. He announced that he would have a solid Morton delegation, but six McKinley delegates contested. As I recall them, they were Cornelius N. Bliss, Colonel S. Van Rensellaer Cruger, General Anson G. McCook, General C. H. T. Collis, William Brookfield, and one other. I was selected as the lawyer to present their case at the Convention. Mr. Bliss and Colonel Cruger came to an agreement to divide with Howard Carroll and William Barnes, their opponents and friends, but the other four were seated on contest. I also represented two contestants from Virginia, who were given half seats. We had a jolly good time in St. Louis, and, as I was not a delegate and as my work was done, I left before the Convention completed its work. The last man I saw was Hobart, who was nominated Vice-President. He was a very attractive fellow.

On my way home I stopped at Canton to see McKinley. He welcomed me most cordially and I spent some hours in his home in very intimate communion with him. Among other things he showed me the draft of the gold plank in the Republican platform, which had been drawn by Mr. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, a week before the Convention met. It was substantially the one adopted and had already been approved by Senator Lodge, who was intrusted with the preparation of that feature of the platform. This fact is worth mentioning, as the friends of Senator Platt, of New York, circulated a report after the Convention that he, upon his arrival in St. Louis, had compelled the framers of the platform to adopt his views about the gold standard. In point of fact, the matter was settled long before his arrival, and Senator Platt had nothing to do with it. He had very little influence in the Convention.

Some time before his inauguration, McKinley invited me to visit him at his home in Canton. He discussed quite freely the numerous people he was considering for his Cabinet. Among other things, he said he wanted a Southern man in his Cabinet. He was kind enough to say that he had been considering me as a probability for Attorney-General, but that the trouble in my case was that I lived in the North and that Southern Republicans would not be satisfied with me as a representative of the South, while New Yorkers would fear that I would be charged to the New York quota.

I interrupted him jocularly by telling him he need not discuss that subject further; that I could not afford to be Attorney-General on the salary; that, if I should take the place, by the end of my term the Marshal of the District of Columbia would have his hand on my collar for debt. At that time McKinley was considering Judge Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, but I think he was unwilling to accept. We lunched together, and Mrs. McKinley was present. She was a sweet, pathetic little invalid, and her husband's tenderness to her was touching. I remember saying at the table something to McKinley about his tenure of his new office being more secure than that in Congress when Wallace turned him out. Mrs. McKinley interrupted by inquiring something, with a surprised look, which showed she did not altogether understand what I meant when I spoke about Wallace. Her husband adroitly turned the subject, and I verily believe that through consideration for her health she had never been allowed to hear of his defeat.

The President-elect asked me what position I wanted. I told him I was like Beverley Tucker, when Stephen A. Douglas said to him: "Bev, what shall I do for you when I am President?" Tucker was a fellow of infinite jest. "Stephen, old boy," he replied quickly, "when you are President just walk down Pennsylvania Avenue with me, your arm about my neck, and call me Bev—and I will do the rest." The joke pleased McKinley immensely and I heard of his repeating it afterward. I did, however, tell the President-elect frankly, as our intimacy and his inquiry justified, that I wanted to be United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At first he inquired who were the other aspirants. Then he said that unless some new and unforeseen contingency arose he would nominate me. But I saw that something was on his mind. At last it came out.

"Is Senator Platt for you?" said he.

"Of course not," said I. "Have I not been fighting him to seat delegates for you? You know Platt. How can you expect me to secure his indorsement? Are you going to penalize your friends because they cannot secure the indorsement of those they have antagonized fighting for you?"

He mused a moment and said: "Yes, I know. But—you know the deference paid to Senatorial indorsements for offices like this. You know how the success of any Administration depends upon the support of the Senate. You know what a narrow margin I shall have in the Senate. I cannot afford to have another Garfield row. We only have a majority of two or three in the Senate. Even if Platt will not indorse you, can you not make him agree not to fight you if I name you?"

I told him I would see what could be done.

Senator Platt's attitude seemed to give McKinley great concern. Platt had opposed his nomination, but supported him for election, and since the election nothing had

Irving, Who is a Night-Owl, Stayed Until Five o'Clock in the Morning

been heard from the New York Senator. McKinley commissioned me to call upon Platt on my return and give him to understand that the President-elect cherished no sort of resentment for his opposition to his nomination; that his feelings were altogether kindly; that he desired his advice and coöperation in regard to New York matters and was prepared to show him all the consideration to which the Senator from the greatest State in the Union was entitled. At the same time, I was to find out Platt's attitude toward my own aspirations.

I saw Platt and he met the President's overtures in the kindliest spirit. As to myself, he said he was fully committed to another, but that, if the President saw fit to nominate me, he would not oppose my confirmation. I reported the result of my visit to McKinley. It was not long before I found out that I had brought the two together so effectually that I had squeezed myself out, for McKinley needed Platt as badly as Platt needed McKinley, and both were political traders. The appointment was delayed a long time. In the summer of 1897 I met the President at a Grand Army reunion at Buffalo. We saw a good deal of each other. He made a fine speech at the banquet, the best I ever heard from him. I was an "also ran," and spoke after him. My train left about eleven o'clock at night, and I was compelled to go. As I edged my way out behind those seated on the dais I passed the President and, looking up to say good-by, he pulled me down to him and said something very kind about my speech.

"Thank you," I replied. "I wonder if it was good enough to pull off that attorneyship I've been expecting so long."

"Have you secured Platt's support?" asked McKinley.

The reply nettled me and I said: "No. Did you secure it when I made him my opponent fighting your battles for you? Seems as if I ought to have sided with him in order to have you for a friend."

McKinley took the rebuke kindly, and said he wanted to see me in Washington soon. I was not surprised, therefore, when, some time later, I had a request to visit him in Washington. Meanwhile, Mr. Platt had said to me that

(Continued on Page 43)

THE CROOKED TRAIL

By WILL PAYNE

IV

THE fugitives had been gone two months, and, on this fifteenth day of November, their case was under consideration in the directors' room of the People's National Bank.

Oliver P. Slocum, the president, stood at the broad bay-window looking out gloomily. A wet snow blew down La Salle Street into the dingy and impassive face of the Board of Trade Building. It turned to slush on the stone flaggings, and hurrying passengers splashed in it, stamping their soggy shoes impatiently on the dry places that lay, for a moment, in the wake of the janitors' brooms. Umbrellas got tangled at the street corners and their owners frowned peevishly at one another. It was a sad day, and Mr. Slocum was sad with it. He was depressed more than common by the way Manuel Peter swore.

Mr. Peter sat at the end of the table that stood in the middle of the room. He had not taken off the damp and disreputable ulster which had already weathered six winters—bringing the original cost down to two dollars a winter—and might be good for many more. His cap was wadded up in his right fist, and it made moist spots on the mahogany as he thumped the table to emphasize the words that pained the president. He was sixty-five, bulky, with a large bony head sparsely covered with iron-gray hair that stood on end. His sloe-black eyes were half hidden by the puffy lids that drooped over them, and his powerful nose was hooked. A short white mustache bristled out over his thick lips. As Margrave had said, everybody knew him—by reputation. His personal broker had been expelled from the Board of Trade for circulating false reports about the credit of one of Peter's opponents in a lard deal. A blackleg attorney had been convicted of bribing a jury in a damage suit against him. He had been denounced from the bench for his scandalous part in wrecking a flour-mill combination in which he was a director.

Such was Mr. Peter as everybody knew him. But his genius for money-making forever triumphed. He grew richer and richer, his crafty and tireless hands reaching further and further. Many business men spoke contemptuously of him behind his back, but none to his face. He seemed as careless of his personal reputation as though the sense of it were quite lacking in him. Yet he had a strange pride in the bank, and he was a tower of strength in it. Perhaps it was because his peasant imagination was impressed by the imposing word "Bank." Perhaps he justified himself by his bank as some men do by their church or their free hospital. Perhaps it was because the elder Slocum, the founder of the bank, had first taken him up into financial ways that were both more respectable and more profitable than those in which he had started. At any rate, he worked energetically to make the big concern still bigger.

Standing on the Platform Looking Up, Smiling at the Departing Train

In spite of his own extended and complicated interests, he gave much time to the bank and was its real motive force. Men who knew him for a rascal believed that he would throw half his fortune into the breach if that were ever necessary to save the bank. So he had his own way in the People's National, and bullied the president at will.

The president was now nearly fifty. He had not inherited his father's talent for business, nor his energy. There was nothing in the traditions of the elder Slocum which gave ground for supposing that the son's well-known interest in the church, in scientific charity and in education were inherited, either. The father had, however, given the son a liberal education, an ample fortune and a roomy, comfortable, well-furnished place in the world.

"What? Rob the Bank of Sixty Thousand Dollars!"

Oliver P. was not especially happy in his possessions. Too often a troublesome whisper reminded him that Peter, not himself, was running the People's National; that many things were done at which other bankers, his personal friends, looked askance and curled the lip. But when it came to the question of opposing Peter's mighty and militant will—why, the president took a trip abroad; went to Japan and endowed a mission, or spent the winter in Egypt and gave the university money to dig up some mummies. He was away from Chicago half the time—and was happiest then.

The routine management of the bank was in the hands of Mr. Voss, the vice-president, who now sat opposite Peter—a short and dumpy bachelor of sixty, bespectacled, with a smooth-shaven, deeply-wrinkled face and a mild, nervous, peering manner. He looked insignificant and was the perfection of a clerk, with every detail at his fingers' ends, at his desk early and late, except in summer when he came down half an hour later and left half an hour earlier in order to work among the flowers at his modest place on the North Shore, which a female relative presided over, with one maid. He never went anywhere except to his married sister's.

There was one other person in the room—Loman, the bucket-shop man, who sat at the table with Peter and Voss, and was rubbing his hand over his head, now that Peter had ceased speaking.

"As I told you before," said Loman, "I have nothing to do with Ettelson. Soak him to the Queen's taste if you want to."

Peter broke in explosively: "I will soak him, the dirty dog! What? Rob the bank of sixty thousand dollars! Do you know what that is—robbing the bank? It undermines everything! Nobody is safe! It sets all the bank clerks in Chicago on to steal! It sets all those fellows out there on to steal! And the cost!—We've spent thousands of dollars! There it is, Loman. Your dog of a clerk robs you and you've paid away all you've got in taxes for the lousy police, yet you've got to go hire a lot of thieving private detectives that rob you more, and then it comes up to the lawyers, and they take the rest! It makes the bank look like a fool! It makes Slocum look like a fool, too." He glared at the president's back.

"Well, soak him. It's nothing to me," said Loman, a bit impatiently. "What I'm talking about is Hal Margrave. He wasn't your employee. I don't even know that you could make a criminal charge stick in his case."

"You bet your life I could!" Peter replied, and nodded.

Loman leaned forward. "See here. I'll pay over thirty thousand dollars. That's Margrave's half of the civil liability. You cancel the criminal charge against him."

Mr. Peter, with shrewd, steady eyes, fingered his stubby mustache thoughtfully. The sound of money always made him thoughtful. "What is it to you, Loman?" he asked rather resentfully.

"I've told you before that I can use him," said Loman. "I needn't make any bones about it to you. I've got a scheme for an independent grain and stock exchange—something on the order of the old Open Board of Trade. It means a lot to me. Margrave's got good ideas about it. He's the man I want for the scheme. I'm willing to pay for what I want."

Slocum turned from the window and walked toward the table—a slender but ruddy and handsome man, with iron-gray hair and mutton-chop whiskers. "This bank cannot compound a felony, Mr. Loman," he said.

Peter merely glanced up at him and went on worrying the mustache. Loman caught the glance, but thought it worth while to say politely: "No felony has been proved in Margrave's case, Mr. Slocum."

The president walked back to the window.

Loman tried a chance shot. "A good many people were hurt in Suburban Trolleys, you know," he said with an incidental air.

Mr. Peter knew it. He understood the reference to rumors that he had helped Pendleton engineer the coup that resulted in smashing the stock, so that the traction magnate could pick it up cheap. But that made little impression upon him. He was busy thinking of something else.

To Mr. Slocum at the window, however, the day looked more dismal than ever. He, too, knew the story about the Trolleys coup. It was one of those things that sometimes came and grinned at him of nights: one of the things that made Europe so much pleasanter than Chicago.

Mr. Voss, the silent vice-president, took up a sheet of notepaper and began folding it very methodically, and tearing it into long, thin strips, which he laid neatly together and tore crosswise in exactly uniform lengths.

Suburban Trolleys always set Mr. Voss to tearing paper into neat strips. Sanderson, his sister's husband, was the original promoter of Suburban Trolleys. It was Sanderson whose loans had been called unexpectedly a year and a half before, when, according to rumor, Pendleton, with Peter's connivance, first tried to scoop in the property. This last boom in Suburban Trolleys had shown daylight ahead for the Sanderson estate. Then came the smash, and the daylight had disappeared. Mr. Voss went on tearing his strips of paper.

Mr. Peter's able mind now had the chessmen placed, and he moved.

"Margrave knows where Ettelson is. Pay over thirty thousand and give me Ettelson's address."

Loman was shocked, but did not show it. "I don't know that Margrave knows where he is," he said calmly.

Peter nodded. "He knows." Suddenly and furiously he struck the table. "I'll get him! I'll get him! The dirty dog! I'll show him what it is to rob the bank! There won't be any settlement in this case until I get Ettelson!" The rage rose as he expressed it. His voice rang, and he thrust out his chin menacingly. "Look here, Loman. You're in this, you know! You know where Margrave is or you wouldn't be talking for him! It won't do you any good, I can tell you! It won't do you any good, you know, hiding a thief! You get me Ettelson's address and pay over the thirty thousand, or you give up Margrave! I'll wait a week. Just a week!" He sprang up cursing, with tears of rage in his eyes. "I'll get that dirty dog, you know!" He stuck the tousled cap on his head, crooked, and bolted from the room.

The special policeman, lounging comfortably by the door, changed from mulatto to octoroon as Manuel rushed out. They knew Mr. Peter's temper there.

Loman rubbed his hand over his head. He, too, knew Mr. Peter's temper, and he saw that he had let himself into something of a trap. The Board of Trade people were pushing their war on his bucket-shop with vigor just then. He was not at all disposed to have the powerful and vengeful capitalist ranged against him. Besides, if he and Margrave could work out the scheme for an independent

exchange, he would be beyond the reach of the law and it was not so pleasant to live in momentary liability of indictment. It did not occur to him to say anything to the president and vice-president. They were the merest pawns in the game. He took up his hat and walked out thoughtfully. Personally, he cared nothing for Ettelson.

Mr. Slocum turned his head to see that Loman was gone, then walked slowly and sadly over to the table, like a dignified dog that hungers for sympathy. Mr. Voss stared at his heap of torn paper, then brushed it absently to the floor

"I'd hate to see Billy stand all the punishment," he said rather absently.

"It's a sad, sad case, Voss," replied the president mournfully. "I've always felt that Ettelson must have been led astray by somebody. I've known the boy, you know, ever since he came in here as a messenger."

"So have I," said the vice-president without looking up.

"He used to come to my Sunday-school class," the president continued. "Hal Margrave had a very bad influence on him. He was led astray. It's a sad case. But the law must be upheld."

"I suppose so," Mr. Voss said. Both spoke as though the matter was something that they could do nothing in particular about. The vice-president tore another sheet of paper, but his hand was so unsteady that he tore it crooked and dropped it. "I suppose Margrave will betray him," he said.

Slocum, without answering, walked out to the main banking-room. He was going home.

V

THE second day after, toward closing time, Mr. Peter appeared at the bank in good humor. He stopped at the desk of the vice-president, his black eyes glowing under their puffy lids.

"We're going to get him," he said low, but genially. "We'll have the pup in a day or two."

Dumpy and clerical Mr. Voss suspended his busy pen and peered up at the director through his spectacles.

"Loman is going to get his address from Margrave," Peter continued, in that expansiveness which joy brings. He smiled. "I showed Loman, you know, where it was up to him to fish or cut bait. So he's going to fish." The director laughed at his joke. "Slocum gone home?"

"Yes," said Mr. Voss.

"It don't matter," said Mr. Peter good-naturedly, and went on to the president's room.

Mr. Peter had grown impatient over night, and had let an intimation, with his trade-mark on it, go out to Loman that the sitting grand jury would probably take up the bucket-shop evil. Then he had sent for the bucket-shop man and talked to the point. He felt as satisfied as the cat that has a mouse under its paw and lies down to watch it.

A young man from a jobbing-house stood at the counter by Mr. Voss' desk waiting for his drafts to be signed. The methodical vice-president seemed to have forgotten him, and sat with an idle pen staring at the case of pigeonholes in the back of the desk. The young man coughed impatiently. Mr. Voss glanced up at him, then down at his desk, and resumed the signing of the drafts, affixing his unvarying signature with the precision of a fine machine.

The young man sped away, and the banker turned, with the same mechanical precision, to other matters on his desk. From time to time, however, he glanced over to the open door of the president's room. Presently Mr. Peter went out. Then, although it was only half-past three, Mr. Voss dropped his pen, closed his desk briskly and left the bank. He went over to the elevated and rode north, then took a trolley car, and when he alighted finally it was in a still, suburban street that sloped gently down to the lake between rows of birch and maples on which some draggled autumn foliage still clung. The frame residences were set well apart, behind neat lawns that had not yet entirely lost their green. It was very still out here after the smoky turmoil of the city.

By going a block farther north he could have passed the home of Ettelson, the embezzler, and Hal Margrave's house was only two blocks south. Neither of these homes was in Mr. Voss' mind, however. He toddled along briskly to Sheridan Road, so that the broad, still blue of the lake was just before him; then turned. The house he approached was new, of brick, with a wide veranda, and a lawn that showed careful tending. The maid smiled, in her deferential, maidenly way, as she saw him. He went in and took a seat, and in a moment a pretty woman came running down the stairs, smiling brilliantly, and holding out a slim, firm hand. She was in the early twenties, the dusky, rosy tinge of youth still fresh in her smooth cheeks. She had dark hair and eyes, and a happy air. Her clear voice carried the same quality of a fond, merry welcome that was in the brilliant smile.

"Mr. Voss? And at this time of day on a Thursday? Then you have repented for the way you've been using me. It must be some trouble with the carnations!" She still held his hand and laughed.

The banker, his hat in his free hand, peered up at her, smiling also, and for a moment warming in her glow.

"The carnations are all right, Mrs. Margrave—just waiting for you," he said.

She laughed again. "And you really came to see me just to be good!"

"That," he said, "and on business, too. There's usually some business, you know." The moment's glow washed out of his face, and left merely the wrinkled, commonplace, clerkly visage.

She stooped a little toward him and dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "Something—about Hal?"

"I Want You to Go with Me at Once, Ettelson. They're Hot on Your Trail"

"About Hal," he repeated. The tragic atmosphere of the crime was at once about them, and they took seats together.

"It's just this way, Mrs. Margrave," said the banker quietly. "Hal and Billy Ettelson have separated. Hal has gone in with a bucket-shop man named Loman. He is offered his liberty and a chance to get on his feet in a business way if he will betray his pal, so that Ettelson can be arrested and prosecuted. Loman is demanding it of him."

She slowly shook her pretty head. "He couldn't, Mr. Voss! He couldn't!" she said, as though she clung to the sheer impossibility of the thing.

"I think he will," the banker replied as quietly as before. "You see his position. I suppose he hasn't any money except what he's dependent on Loman for. He's outlawed, always liable to arrest and imprisonment. No doubt he's decently anxious for his family, too. He is offered freedom and a chance to make money. I think he's the sort that would do it—so far as I know anything about him—the sort of tormented soul that gets desperate and shuts its teeth and eyes and leaps. I know that sort of soul."

"Poor Mrs. Ettelson," she murmured; then, with energy: "Mr. Voss, it must be prevented!"

Mr. Voss replied softly: "That is why I came to you, Jane. I see only one way of preventing it. If you know where Ettelson is—or can find out—you can send him a warning so that he can run before they catch him—and beware of Margrave hereafter."

As she sat considering it and biting the corner of her lip, the banker added: "Of course, I'm an officer of the bank, and my duty is to help catch them both. But I've known Ettelson from a boy, and know his wife."

"Yes," she replied quickly. "I know the difficulty of your position. I can't tell what men would say of it. I suppose they would think differently. But I think you can't be going wrong, Mr. Voss, when you are following your good heart." She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke.

Mr. Voss drew his hand across his forehead as though his head ached. "I don't know what is right or wrong any more," he said rapidly. "I don't care much, either. It all seems unsubstantial to me—the whole world nothing but water and clouds. Only you are firm as rock, my dear. Sometimes when I see you it looks simple and I know what I should do. I've told you the situation: I leave it to you."

She did not try to detain him as he rose to go.

An hour later, when a blond young man sprang gayly up the steps and swung open the door, Jane ran to him and threw an arm around him.

"'Gene, do you know where Billy Ettelson is?" were her words, spoken low and breathlessly.

He still smiled, a very little, as he answered gravely: "No, I don't. I haven't wished to know."

"I must find out," she said.

He was very sober now, and lifted his yellow eyebrows a trifle. "Still interested in my clients, eh?" There was a touch of sarcasm in it.

She repeated to him almost the words of Mr. Voss: "Hal and Billy Ettelson have separated. Hal has gone in with a bucket-shop fellow. He is offered his freedom if he will betray Ettelson. The bucket-shop man insists upon it, and he is going to do it."

Eugene Margrave, second cousin of the fugitive, darkened. "Good old Hal! He's a credit to the family! It must run in the blood!" In the silence he felt his wife's fingers closing on his hand, and said genuinely: "Poor, distracted devil! I suppose he's ready to do anything."

"That's it, 'Gene! That's it!" she cried

It had been the first bad place they had come to—this affair of the embezzlement, with her husband's angry scorn of the culprits and his vigorous distaste to becoming, in a sort, their attorney when the bewildered wives of the fugitives went to him for advice.

"How do you know all this, Jane?" he asked suddenly.

She looked up at him, a little line of doubt and pain between her eyes. He threw his arm around her.

"You needn't tell me! You needn't tell me!" he cried. "I know! They all have to come to you with their trouble. Where else could they go?"

"I want you, 'Gene—I want you to help them all. Don't you see? That would be the worst—his betraying Ettelson. There's only one thing to do. Find out where Ettelson is and warn him so he can escape. Do that, dear!"

He regarded her a moment with slightly elevated eyebrows. She kissed him.

"I'll do it," he said coolly.

He went at once to Ettelson's house, and returned, hurrying, in half an hour.

"Get me a cab, Jane!" he called to her as soon as he opened the door. "And throw some things in a suit-case. I've got to take the evening train East!" He ran upstairs to his room.

Jane telephoned for the cab and ran after him. He was busy at his writing-table

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Ettelson is on a farm in Western New York. I can't trust a wire. Probably it wouldn't reach him. I'm going myself to get him away. I'll have to stop downtown and get some money. There's none too much time," he warned.

She hurried with the suit-case, packing the things he would need. "Will you wait for dinner?"

"I'll catch a bite downtown." He wrote on rapidly.

"When will you be back?"

"I can't say." He sprang up. "Guess that's the cab. Mail this to the office, please."

She came up to him. "'Gene—isn't it a risk for you—if they should find you out?"

"I've been talking to Mrs. Ettelson. There are always risks, Jane. Good-by."

It was a hurried kiss, and she was afraid. Yet she exulted—not because of Hal or Ettelson or Ettelson's wife, but because the man she loved was throwing himself into the action.

(Continued on Page 7)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ "Just as good" is seldom good and never just.

¶ Happiness is the only legitimate investment that pays usury.

¶ Pride is always too big for its shoes and not large enough for its hat.

¶ Perhaps Japan will yet get that indemnity out of American tourists.

¶ After forty it does not require chloroform to make a man forget his birthday.

¶ Man was created first, but woman came a second after and asked him how long he had been waiting.

¶ Some men are born rich, some achieve riches, and some are related to presidents of insurance companies.

¶ Although war is more horrible than it ever was, peace is more beautiful. And as the contrast deepens the world gains.

¶ If the plutocrats keep on giving money back to the public, we may yet be able to call this the new age of the restoration.

¶ One difference between a politician and a reformer is that a politician may get rich out of politics and a reformer may get poor.

¶ A salesman who never opens his sample-case soon fails at business. But that is the way some persons carry around their religion.

¶ One man takes his work as a stone around his neck and sinks to apathy. Another takes it as a stepping-stone and mounts to success.

¶ An Ordinary Man, obliged to chose between two paths, saw approaching on the one a Candid Friend and on the other a Bitter Enemy. Which did he take?

¶ Shakespeare said life was "as tedious as a twice-told tale." Possibly, but there's one consolation: it isn't published as often as the Sherlock Holmes stories.

The Future of Life Insurance

MANY men in the United States who have been engaged in writing life insurance are now considering the advisability of turning to some other occupation. Many more men are saying to themselves: "I may die and leave my family ill provided for. I ought to take out some life insurance. But where can I get it and feel safe? I must wait until the atmosphere clears."

It is just as well for all concerned to look at it squarely. Men will feel the same confidence in life insurance that they did a year ago only when such conditions as were disclosed in the big companies are made impossible. Promises of reform and eminent names, the parade of dazzling surpluses and the air of impeccability will not do. Public faith has been too profoundly shocked. Personal insurance was originally a purely individual enterprise. Its development in this country has been by way of an ever-extending governmental control, this regulation and that being imposed as the need of it was shown. In Germany where, probably, it is more beneficial and effective than anywhere else, it is now largely a government function. The latest developments here show that we have not gone nearly far enough in the direction of government control. The only salvation is in going further that way.

Probably this is not Jeffersonian. The individualists who believe that the least government is the best government do not like it. But their dislike will not overthrow the facts. Men were given much latitude in the management of life insurance concerns. They grafted and otherwise abused their trusts. The insuring public cannot possibly know that other men in like positions will be more faithful. In a big company not one policy-holder in ten thousand can know anything worth mentioning about the character of the officers. The remedy lies in decidedly narrowing the latitude, thereby decidedly restricting the possibilities of unfaithfulness. Modern economy makes insurance fairly a necessary of life to an immense number of men. They should not be left with no better alternative than a mere pig-in-a-poke gamble on the character of the persons who happen to be conducting the various companies

Damage Suits and Harpies

A GENTLEMAN who recently fell into the hands of the law, through having varied his regular occupation of "following the races" by holding up an express office, said to the police: "I regret this on my wife's account. She has built up a fine business and the notoriety will hurt it. She is a professional witness in suits for damages on account of personal injuries."

About the same time and in the same city another promising career was blasted. A bright, energetic young lawyer, employed in the claim department of a street railway, was detected in his every-day practice of bribing a jury.

A man is injured through the carelessness of a railroad, traction line or other public service concern. He is immediately pounced upon by two sets of harpies, with either of whom a self-respecting ghoul would blush to associate. The one set consists of the emissaries of certain contingent-fee, personal-injury members of the bar, to some of whom perjury is a mere detail of practice; for many of whom the first article in the code prescribes the selling out and swindling of the client. The other set consists of claim-department agents whose serviceableness to the corporation that employs them depends entirely upon their ability to defraud the victim of the better part of his claim. If the agent fails in his gentle mission to the house of suffering, there remains all the procrastinating chicane that acute but soiled legal minds can devise—and after that, in some cases, the bribing of the jury.

It is quite the nastiest corner in our temple of justice, and the corporations are primarily responsible for it—because, with a few honorable exceptions, they treat every claim for damages, no matter how just, as an iniquitous attempt at robbery, and—if they cannot bully the claimant into settling for a small sum—they fight it with every means in their power. In short, they insist upon swindling this class of creditors out of their dues.

Belling the Child

MR. LUTHER BURBANK is still bent on becoming the wizard of humanity as he is already the wizard of the vegetable kingdom. In a recent address before the State Board of Trade in San Francisco he said that the diversity of races in America afforded the best possible basis for the development of man by the process of crossing—which he has pursued with such success in his garden. The antecedent condition, he says, is at hand, and all that is needed is "the work of elimination."

His major proposition was stated long ago by Herbert Spencer, who foresaw in the final fusion of all the European stocks the development of the finest race the world has yet known. But Spencer did not go the length of suggesting that we should kill off Nature's little mistakes as we do in plant and animal life. And he had reason for this.

The Spartans of old tried that plan; but, being less wise than their mother, Nature, the result was that the military race they produced was chiefly remarkable for occasioning the downfall of the more highly civilized, if less military, Athenians—who had by no means done for civilization all that they might have done if they had been left in peace. Dean Swift proposed to relieve the Irish famines by converting the superfluous babies into a sort of roast suckling. The intention of the remark was satirical, but good souls still continue to be outraged by it. No mouse has ever been found who would undertake to bell the cat, nor the mother who would consent to put her child in any way out of the game of life.

The ways of God are not our ways, His thoughts are not our thoughts. If Byron had not been clubfooted, his peculiar genius would probably not have reached the development it did; and one of the chief impulses of the romantic movement throughout Europe would have been lacking. Heine and Stevenson both owed much to the maladies against which they struggled. Lombroso to the contrary, disease is probably not the source of genius; but it has its own place in the economy of Nature. If drunkenness were a fit pretext for chloroform, how many poets would have been put out of business? How many of the greatest religious leaders would have passed a scientific examination for paranoia?

As a general rule, truly, it is unwise for those who are physically and mentally maimed to have children; and the sooner they learn this the better for them, and for all of us. But until men are wiser than they have ever proved, and the officials of executive government more trustworthy, human liberty must remain much what it is. If America is destined to produce the Overman of Nietzsche, it will be in Nature's own way and time.

Benevolent Annihilation

IN ENGLAND they are saying, "It will be cheaper for us to go to war than to stay at peace." The chief reason for this strange statement is that the army of the unemployed is increasing so rapidly—not only the great army of expensive parasites maintained in luxury by the English caste system, but also the great army of the working-people without work and supported by public charity. What is to be done with these yawning and clamorous stomachs? To murder their owners in a general massacre would not look well. The only other "way out" is to set them on to murdering and to being murdered by the similar class of people in some other similarly overburdened country. And though massacre—except by slow starvation—is not tolerated, war is not only tolerated but is even esteemed

Exploit the working-classes for the benefit of an aristocracy until they are about to starve. Then send them to battle and kill them off—and so begin all over again.

Waste, Criminal or Careless

IN EVERY engine only a small percentage of the energy in the coal burned under the boiler comes out in power and work. Of all the seed sown, only a small part grows up into foodstuff. Of all the foodstuff gathered, only a fraction escapes from carelessness and accident and reaches the market and is sold before it becomes unfit. Of all the food bought, only a fraction escapes the wastefulness of the cook and the family and goes into human bodies. Of all the food eaten only a little part is taken up by the assimilative apparatus. Of all the power thus generated, how little is applied to useful purposes!

Waste, colossal waste! Waste, now ignorant, now careless, often criminal! There's the great scientific sociological problem. And every one can help to solve it.

Courtesy and the Open Door

AN AMERICAN lately returned from living in London was shocked and grieved by what seemed to him the brutality of the manners of his countrymen. On entering the Grand Central Station, the man who preceded him let the door slam in his face. He resolved on the spot to give his countrymen a lesson in Old World courtesy.

He stepped aside and held the door wide open for the woman who followed him. She passed through without noticing him, and after her came a long file, not one of whom paid the least heed. The returned American was in danger of missing his train; and finally, with anger redoubled, he let the door slam at random. It hit an elderly lady whose arms were filled with parcels. She said a few things to the knight errant of American courtesy.

Different countries have different ways of showing politeness. In Europe an unprotected woman is liable to insult from every guard and conductor—even from the military in uniform. They have the time, and other qualifications, for that sort of thing. Here she can travel the length and the breadth of a continent without offense. But we have to learn, one and all, that there is no time to practice the grand manner, or to permit it to be practiced on us. Courtesy is a half-open door, and the art of it is to catch it on the fly and so pass it on to the next hustler.

A Wide Social Swath

IN THE three great European capitals we are now ambassadorially seated as is no monarchy. Our representatives live in vast palaces, filled with gorgeously liveried menials and lead the way in fashionable and exclusive entertaining. At one capital our ambassador and his staff go about in resplendent uniforms, dazzling the eyes of the mob. And all our snobs, going abroad to get the latest ideas in how to be vulgar in manners and in style of living, are thrown into paroxysms of delight. "Thank Heaven," they cry, "the gentlemen are on top in our diplomatic service, and we hear no more of that rot about democratic simplicity!"

Socially we are cutting a wide swath abroad. And we are making ourselves very ridiculous

The Coming of the Leisure Class

By William Allen White

And They Admitted that He was Just Killing

WE ARE all workers in our town, as people are in every small town. It is always proper to ask what a man does for a living with us, for none of us has money enough to live without work, and until the advent of Beverly Amidon our leisure class consisted of Red Martin, the gambler, the only man in town with nothing to do in the middle of the day, and the black boys who loafed on the south side of the bank building through the long afternoons, until it was time to deliver the clothes which their wives and mothers had washed. Every one else in town works, and, excepting an occasional picnic, there is no social activity among the men until after sundown. But five years ago Beverly Amidon came to town, and brought with him a large leisure and a taste for society which made him easily the glass of fashion and the mould of form not only in our little community, but all over that part of the State. Beverly and his mother, who had come to make their home with her sister, in the big house on the hill, had money. How much, we had no idea. In a small town when one has "money" no one knows just how much or how little, but it must be over fifteen thousand dollars, otherwise one is merely "well fixed."

But Beverly was a blessing to our office. We never could have filled our society column Saturday without him, for he was a continuous social performance. He was the first man in town who dared to wear a flannel tennis suit on the streets, and he was a whole year ahead of the other boys with his Panama hat. It was one of those broad-brimmed Panamas, full of heart-interest, that made him look like a romantic barytone, and when he came tripping into the office under that gala façade in his white duck clothes, with a wide Windsor tie, Miss Larrabee, the society editor, who was the only one of us with whom he ever had any business, would pull the string that unhooked the lock of the gate to her section of the room and say, without looking up: "Come into the garden, Maud." To which he made invariable reply: "Oh, Miss Larrabee, don't be so sarcastic! I have a little item for you."

Until the Advent of Beverly Amidon Our Leisure Class Consisted of Red Martin, the Gambler

The little item was always an account of one of his social triumphs. And there was a long list of them to his credit. He introduced ping-pong; he gave us our first "pit party." He held the first barn dance given in the county. His was our first "tacky party," and he gave the first progressive buggy ride the young people had ever enjoyed, and seven girls afterward confessed that on the evening of that affair he hadn't been in the buggy with them five minutes before he began driving with one hand—and his right hand at that. Still, when the crowd assembled for supper at Flat Rock, the girls didn't hold his left handiwork against him, and they admitted that he was just killing when he put on one of their hats and gave an imitation of a girl from Bethany College who had been visiting in town the week before. Beverly was always the life of the company. Also he could make three kinds of salad dressing, two kinds of lobster Newburg and four Welsh rarebits, and was often the sole guest of honor at the afternoon meetings of the T. T. T. girls, before whom he was always willing to show his prowess. Sometimes he gave chafing-dish parties whereat he served ginger ale and was real devilish.

He used to ride around the country bareheaded with two or three girls when honest men were at work, and he acquired a fine leather-colored tan. He tried organizing a polo club, but the ponies from the delivery wagons that were available after six o'clock did not take training well, and he gave up polo. But in making horseback riding a social diversion he taught a lot of fine old family buggy horses a number of mincing steps, so that thereafter they were impossible in the family phaeton. He thereby became unpopular with a number of the heads of families, and he had to introduce bridge whist in the old married set to regain their favor. This cost him the good will of the preachers, and he gave a Japanese garden party for the Epworth League to restore himself in the church where he passed the plate on Sundays. Miss Larrabee used to call him the first aid to the ennuied. But the Young Prince who chased runaway teams and wrote personal items never referred to him except as "Queen of the Handholders." For fun we once printed Beverly Amidon's name among those present at a Mothers' League meeting, and it was almost as much of a hit in the town as the time we put the words, "light refreshments were served and the evening was spent in cards and dancing," at the close of an account of a social meeting of the Ministerial Alliance.

The next time Beverly brought in his little item, he stopped long enough to tell us that he thought that the people who laughed at our obvious mistake in the list of guests of the Mothers' League were rather coarse. One word brought on two, and as it was late in the afternoon, and the paper was out, we bade Beverly sit down and tell us the story of his life, and his real name; for Miss Larrabee had declared a dozen times that Beverly Amidon sounded so much like a stage name that she was willing to bet that his real name was Jabez Skaggs.

Beverly's greatest joy was in talking about his social conquests in Tiffin, Ohio; therefore he soon was telling us that there was so much culture in Tiffin, such a jolly lot of girls, so many pleasant homes, and a most extraordinary atmosphere of refinement. He rattled along, telling us what great sport they used to have running down to Cleveland for theatre-parties, and how easy it was to 'phone over to Toledo and get the nicest crowd of boys one could wish to come over to the parties, and how Tiffin was famous all over that part of Ohio for its exclusive families and its week-end house-parties.

The Young Prince sat by listening for a time and then got up and leaned over the railing around Miss Larrabee's desk. Beverly was confiding to us how he got up the sweetest living pictures you ever saw and took them down to Cleveland, where they made all kinds of money for the King's Daughters. He told what gorgeous costumes the girls wore and what stunning backgrounds he rigged up. The Young Prince winked at Miss Larrabee as he straightened up and started for the door. Then he let fly: "Were you Psyche at the Pool in that show, or a Breakfast Food baby?"

But Beverly deigned no reply and a little later in the conversation remarked that the young men in this town were very bad form. He thought that he had seen some who were certainly no gentlemen. He really didn't see how the young ladies could endure to have such persons in their set. He confided to Miss Larrabee that at a recent lawn-party he had come upon a young man, who should be nameless, with his arm about a young woman's waist.

"And Miss Larrabee," continued Beverly in his solemnest tones, "a young man who will put his arm around a girl will go further—yes, Miss Larrabee—much further. He will kiss her!" Whereat he nodded his head and shook it at the awful thought.

Miss Larrabee drew in a shocked breath and gasped:

"Do you really think so, Mr. Amidon? I couldn't imagine such a thing!"

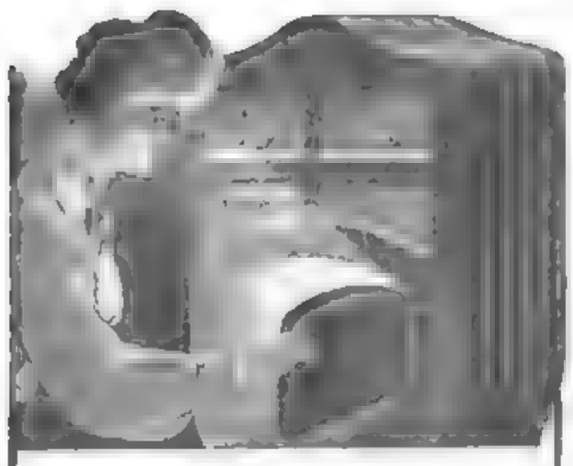
He had a most bedizened college fraternity pin, which he was forever lending to the girls. During his first year in town, Miss Larrabee told us, at least a dozen girls had worn the thing. Wherefore she used to call it the Amidon Loan Exhibit.

And Brought with Him a Large Leisure and a Taste for Society

He introduced golf into our town, and he was able to find six men to join his fifteen young ladies in the ancient sport. Two preachers, a young dentist and three college professors were the only male creatures who dared walk across our town in plaid stockings and knickerbockers, and certainly it hurt their standing at the banks. For the town frowned on golf, and confined its sport to football in the autumn, baseball in the summer and checkers in the winter.

That was a year ago. In the autumn something happened to Beverly, and he had to go to work. There was nothing in our little town for him, so he went to Kansas City. He did not seem to "make it" socially there, for he wrote to the girls that Kansas City was cold and distant and that everything was ruled by money. He explained that there were some nice people, but they did not belong to the fast set. He was positively shocked, he wrote, at what he heard of the doings at the Country Club—so different from the way things went in Tiffin, Ohio.

For a long time we did not hear his name mentioned in the office. Finally there came a letter addressed to Miss Larrabee. In it Beverly said that he had found his affinity. She was not rich, he admitted, "but," he added, "she



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Be ready at the turn of a valve to make June of January in cottage, house, office, store, church, etc.

Those who remember last Winter's cold and those who like to begin the day right by rising, bathing, dressing and breakfasting in cozily warmed rooms—and those who know what it means to have warm corners and warm floors for children's play—and those who know what cold, drafty hallways cost them each winter in discomfort and doctor's calls—and everybody else who lives in our Florida-to-Greenland-in-twelve-hours climate—should all know there is but one way out—the only sure cure is an outfit of

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belongs to an old, aristocratic, Southern family, through reduced circumstances living in retirement; very exclusive, very haughty. I have counted it a privilege to be constantly associated with people of such rare distinction. Her mother is a grand dame of the old school who has opened her home to a few choice paid guests who feel, as I do, that it is far more refreshing socially to partake of the gracious hospitality of her secluded home than to live in the noisy, vulgar hotels of the city. It was in this relation at her mother's home that I met the woman who is to join her lot with mine." Thereafter followed the date and place of the wedding, a description of the bride's dress, an account of her lineage back to the "Revolutionary Georgia Governor of that name," and fifty cents in stamps for extra papers containing an account of the wedding.

In time we hope to teach our young men to roll down their shirt-sleeves in the summer, our girls to wear their hats, our horses to quit prancing in the shafts of the family buggy. In time bridge whist will wear itself out; in time our social life will resume its old estate, and the owners of the five dress-suits in town will return to their former distinction. In time caste lines set by the advent of the leisure class will be obliterated, and it will be no longer bad form for the dry-goods clerk to dance with the grocery clerk's wife at the Charity Ball. But, come what may, we shall always know that there was a time in the social history of our town when we danced the two-step as they dance it in Tiffin, Ohio, and wore knee-breeches and plaid stockings, and quit work at four o'clock. Those were great days—"the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome."

BOOK LEAVES

¶ THE PRICE OF YOUTH, by Margery Williams (*The Macmillan Company*), is not vapid. Its author has followed Mrs. MacLane and chosen the real people of a real place to hold up to the ridicule of the public. Mrs. MacLane took a village on Cape Cod and Miss Williams has chosen the little coast town in New Jersey where George Arnold was born and died. She gives us the inhabitants with their names unaltered, but she has quite failed to understand the saturnine meanings of the coast, or the melancholy of the old slow-going river, and the cedar forests on its banks which were so dear to the poor Jersey poet, and of which he sang with his last breath. She takes as her background a cheap, filthy village tavern reeking with applejack and tobacco. The landlord is a tough. The hero is a reporter on his holiday who never once fails in an emergency to behave like a cad. The heroine, daughter of the landlord, alternately chatters metaphysics and swears like a stable-boy. The young woman who represents the most exclusive old society of Philadelphia is the most vulgar and slangy of them all, although a drunken soubrette follows close in the race. All of these folk supply the humor of the book by incessant familiar gabbling about the Almighty. One has given so much space to this unpleasant novel because there are hints in it that the author might do better work. Her people are not Mr. James' dull, featureless types. They breathe, they have blood and bones. We think of them as real human beings, though, as we shut the book, we are glad to be rid of them. But why create men and women that we make haste to forget? Surely even the writers of books for the tired man in the hammock could do something to make life seem to him for an hour finer and saner and more worth while.

¶ THE PASSION FOR MELODRAMA springs eternal in the human breast. It is as old as original sin, and, apparently, about three times as strong. You may teach, you may preach to the unregenerate reader as you will, but the love for melodramas comes climbing up his family tree from the soil in which its roots are struck, and will cling to him to the end of time. That is why Norma Lorimer's story, On Etna (*Henry Holt & Co.*), should prove a popular success. It is, at any rate, nothing if not melodramatic. The scene is indeed Sicily, but the bandits and the Mafia make things so merry for the English heroine that the whole *dramatis personæ* might be said to be loving, laughing and fighting on the crust of an emotional volcano, which at last blows its head off with a detonation that brings the book to a final, thrilling "curtain."

¶ THERE ARE FEW WRITERS of verse in America who are so perfectly possessed as is Clinton Scollard of that dangerous gift, the pen of the ready writer. Almost every month—or so it seems to the reviewer—there appears a thin volume backed by his name. And the remarkable thing is that Mr. Scollard can keep it up so well. Certainly he keeps it up so excellently in Odes and Elegies (*George William Browning*) that one regrets that only a hundred copies of this well-made little book have been printed.

¶ SOMEBODY HAS WISELY OBSERVED that "we need all the counter-weights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life." Taking, perhaps, his cue from this sentiment, Marshall Brown has compiled and edited a volume of Wit and Humor of Well-Known Quotations (*Small, Maynard & Co.*). The result is over three hundred pages of epigram, from Shakespeare to Josh Billings. One novel feature is the number of bright editorial paragraphs clipped from the modern newspaper, and the only fault to be found with these is a certain carelessness in their editing. "Don't despise a thing because it's little—a quart jug will hold more than most men." That is an example. But it is credited to the Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald—and the Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald is a paper of which no reporter in Philadelphia seems ever to have heard.

¶ THAT A MAN CAN MAKE delightful pictures is no sound argument that he can write a coherent novel. So much has been proved to satisfaction in the past, and there exists no present reason for enlarging upon it in the instance deposed by André Castaigne's Fata Morgana (*The Century Company*). There is, however, a less known truth which this book demonstrates, and that is that the writer who tries to make a surprising plot may very easily contrive surprises until they fail to surprise precisely because they are surprising. In Fata Morgana one soon learns to expect the unexpected, and though the author undoubtedly knows the real life of an art-student in Paris, about which he has built his story, he has contrived so laboriously to be unreal that he has simply transported his characters to the commonplace of the impossible.

¶ THE ILLUSTRATED VERSES which make up James Montgomery Flagg's little book, If: A Guide to Bad Manners (*Life Publication Company*), form an amusing guide to what the author designates as "the art of misbehavior." Thus, Mr. Flagg suggests that an excellent way for a wife to cure her husband of the detained-by-business habit is to sit with her back to the door and, when he finally returns, to murmur, without turning around:

"Is that you, George?"—when his name happens to be Theodore.

¶ IN AMERICAN LIFE events tread so fast upon each other's heels that, to most of us, Alaska is already a tale that has been told. Characteristically, there was a "Yukon rush," and, the rush at an end, we thought we had finished the whole story. That, on the contrary, we have but begun it is demonstrated by John Scudder McLain in his book, Alaska and the Klondike (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*). In 1904 Mr. McLain accompanied the special Senate Committee on Territories to the Klondike, and the fruits of an observant eye, and a ready camera, are here interestingly gathered together.

¶ NOBODY—unless, of course, it be Joel Chandler Harris—understands the Southern negro better than Ruth McEnery Stuart. Her knowledge of him is at first hand and her sympathy is genuine. In The River's Children (*The Century Company*) she again wrests from the past a picture of that South which irretrievably lost to life and presents it with a full appreciation of those values which have not changed since the day when "the maid Agnes Lebue, on her way to coronation at the carnival, stood, while the sun went down, in all her vestal beauty on the deck of the Laurel Hill, and smiled through tears of tenderness at life as half revealed to her."

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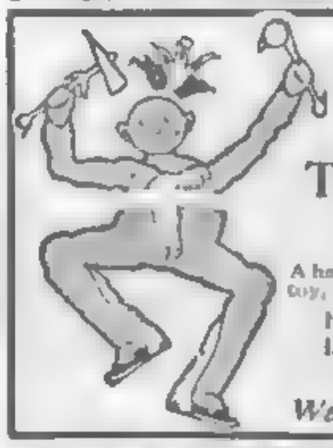

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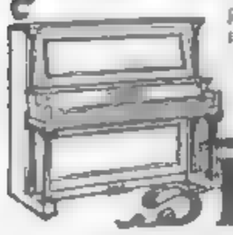

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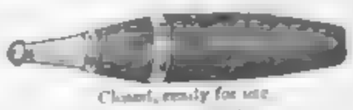

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Smoke without risk among the most inflammable material.

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Dept. 23, Hopedale, Ill.

LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

The Author of The Wheel of Life In Which Story Miss Glasgow Will Desert the South and Come to New York

Ellen Glasgow's Next Novel

IN HER new novel, The Wheel of Life, which is announced for publication on January 8, 1906, Ellen Glasgow has forsaken the South as a background for her story, and has written—so goes the gossip from the office of her publisher—a story of modern New York life. The hero, to be sure, is Southern-born, but, when offered the choice between stagnation in his native town and a small job on a New York newspaper, he decides for the North, and the resulting novel is the story of how he "makes good."

Robert Barr's League

ROBERT BARR is as busy as most men who write for a living—which is a good deal more busy than most people suppose. Also like most writers, Mr. Barr has a large number of letters to write and not too much time to write them. Consequently, he has made, and proposes strictly to adhere to, a formal rule of brevity, and all his correspondence is now conducted by postal-cards at the top of which is printed this legend:

"*The undersigned has joined the Post Card League, of which he is the only member. The object of the organization is the promoting of the Letter-Writing Habit. Let your communication be [illegible], and [illegible].*"

Success Through Merit

OF LATE years the book-trade has become so much like other trades that most readers and nearly all publishers have come to think that any book may be sold by advertising and that none can be sold without it. Thus at the Aldine Club recently one book-man announced that, by advertising, he could make the poorest novel that was ever written "run to 20,000."

"But could you make money on it?" asked one of his hearers.

"Oh, that's a different matter!" replied the book-man—and he proceeded to explain that he might have to put too much money in the advertising, before the cash began to return the public would stop buying. "But I'd make 20,000 people read the book," he insisted.

In that gathering of experts no one gainsaid him, but now and again the reverse of this proposition proves true, and a book succeeds only for the fine, old-fashioned reason that it is a good book. One firm in particular has been especially fortunate in this way and, by scarcely any advertising until success was assured, has handled such money-makers as Peter Stirling, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Lightning Conductor, and now has just disproved Rory O'More's dictum about luck in odd numbers by adding a fourth to that list with The Divine Fire.

This novel has been advertised, to any extent, only in the best way—that is, by the friends it has made among its readers. Its author, May Sinclair, was, on this side of the Atlantic at least, practically unknown and its appearance on the bookstalls was all but unheralded. Yet it is now one of the most talked-of stories of the season, and that because—though it is somewhat long drawn out—its people are real people and, without the need of long expositions on the part of the author, live their own lives and explain their characters in every word they utter and everything they do.

The success of a book in such circumstances and for such reasons is one of the most encouraging signs of the times in the literary world.

An Old Law Reversed

ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS, whose new novel, The Flight of Georgiana, is just from the press, is an American whose health has now for some years necessitated a residence abroad. But almost constant illness has not injured Mr. Stephens' love of work or dulled the edge of his energy, and, since he won success with An Enemy to the King, he has produced several romances all more or less popular. In this way he has made considerably more money than he did in the old days as a dramatic critic on a daily newspaper, and to a friend who recently met him in Switzerland he remarked:

"I've changed my mind about the general belief that it's better to be poor and in good health than to be ill and well-to-do. I've tried both combinations, and I prefer to be well-to-do, even at some physical cost."

Edwin Lefèvre, Farmer

NEARLY everybody knows that Edwin Lefèvre is a many-sided man—that he is a writer of excellent fiction, one of the best financial editors in the country and the author of a widely-circulated letter on the stock-market. But what everybody does not know is that Mr. Lefèvre is a farmer. Whenever he is late with the "copy" which he has promised to an editor for a certain date, Mr. Lefèvre's excuse is usually a bucolic one: he was delayed because he had to get his hay in, or plant his oats (he never *feels* them), as the case may be. And in order to show that these excuses are genuine and that he really is a farmer, he recently sent to one magazine editor a large handbill, one of a number distributed in the neighborhood of his farm. This is a photographic reproduction of the handbill:

PIGS FOR SALE

Fine young pigs for sale cheap. Apply to

EDWIN LEFÈVRE,
Central Ave., Greenville.

Mr. Howells' Bad Geography

"WHAT'S that you're reading, Catherine?"

It was a Boston banker who asked the question of his youngest daughter a few evenings ago

"A novel by Mr. Howells," she answered; "The Coast of Bohemia."

"The Coast of—what?"

"Bohemia."

There was a long pause. Father reflected, smoking hard. Then he went to the library-table, opened a big volume and spent fifteen minutes over its pages. Finally he closed it with a bang.

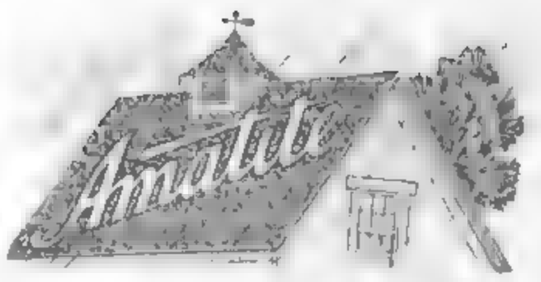
"Is it William Dean Howells who wrote that book?" he demanded.

"Yes, father."

"Humph! I thought he was a realist."

"He is—one of the best of them."

"Well, his realism's all wrong there! I thought I was right, but I looked it up in the atlas to make sure: Bohemia hasn't an inch of coast—not a single inch. If you want that kind of realism, you'd better read Dora Thorne."



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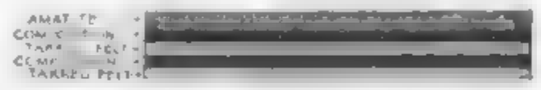
The best way to be *convinced* of the value of AMATITE Ready Roofing without an actual trial, is to send for a Sample (which we gladly furnish free of charge). At the same time get samples of all the *other* ready roofings that you see advertised. Then *compare* the *evidence*.

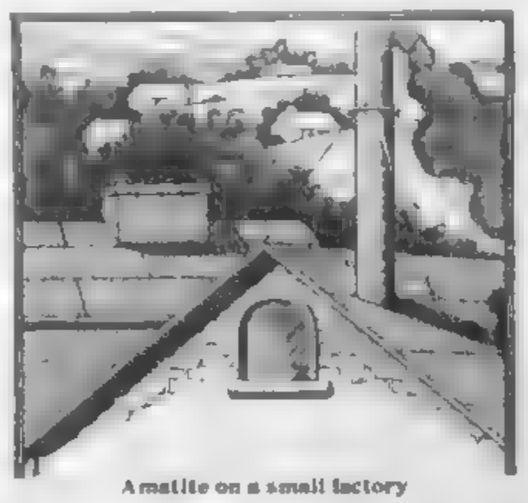
Right at the beginning you will see this difference,—AMATITE relies on *pitch* to resist the penetration of water. Observe, in the accompanying diagram of an AMATITE cross-section, the *two layers* of pitch (composition).



Some of the other manufacturers say *nothing* about *what* they use. They leave you to *guess* what their roofing is made of. If they told, you probably wouldn't use the stuff *at any price*.

Often, the strongest appearing roofings are made of materials that are actually soluble in water.

But *pitch* is *not* soluble in water. Even stone dissolves in water, but pitch won't. It has been used wherever water was to be *resisted*, for years. Water is *absolutely powerless* against it. All large and important buildings are now-a-days waterproofed with pitch. Don't, therefore, select your roofing by the looks of a sample



Amatite on a small factory

that has *never been exposed to the weather*. Find out what it is *made of*, whether its materials are the kind that *really resist water*. Then you will select *AMATITE*, the only ready roofing that's *full of Pitch*.

Other reasons why AMATITE Roofing is superior to any other Ready Roofing in the market are the facts that it has a *mineral surface*—which never has to be coated or painted; that it is *low* in *price*, *easy to lay* and absolutely *wind*, *water*, and [illegible].

Our Booklet, "How is your Roof," which we send with the *Sample*, *free for the asking*, is a most interesting treatise on Ready Roofing. Write to the nearest office and it will be sent you at once. Barrett Manufacturing Company, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, Allegheny or Minneapolis.

SOLID

COMFORT

In Every Pair of the Famous

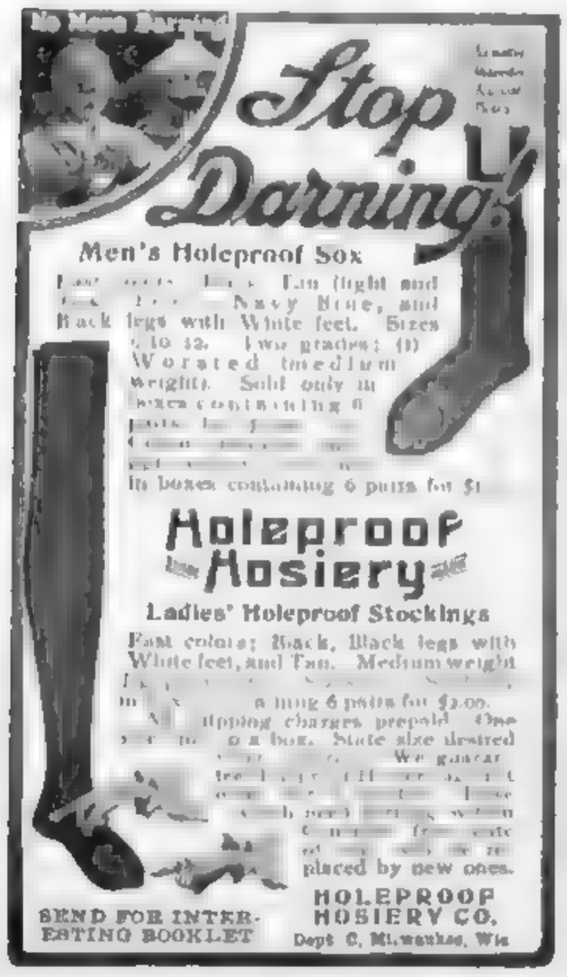
Keith's Konqueror

$3.50 and $4.00

MEN'S SHOES

They represent the latest vogue—absolutely correct in every particular. In material and constructive quality—the world's best, unapproached, unapproachable. Linings cannot wrinkle as they are molded over the lasts same as the uppers—cannot hurt the feet. Most style, greatest comfort, longest wear assured. Ask dealer for them and insist on getting them. Write us if he does not have them, and we will mail you our "Ready-to-Ship" Catalogue and see you are supplied.

Preston B. Keith Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.



Sense and Nonsense

Solicitude

'I run across Bill Jones to-day
Said Mr. Chauffeur Brown
"He looked, I much regret to say,
Exceedingly run down."

Troubles Enough at Home

WHEN instruction in clay modeling was introduced into the public schools of Baltimore there was a decided objection made thereto, says an instructor in that city, who gives the following as an illustration of the way the innovation was received by certain parents:

"Miss Jones: John come home yisterday with his clothes covered with mud. He said you put him to work mixing clay, when he ought to be learning to read and write. My husband carries the hod, and Heaven knows I have enough trouble with his clothes in the wash without scraping John's coat. If he comes home like this again I'll send him back to you to wash his clothes. Yours truly, Mrs. O'Callahan."

The Bald-Headed Man's Tree

IT WAS evident, from the young curate's nervousness, that it was his first sermon. Clearing his throat, he said: "My text is to be found in the nineteenth chapter, twenty-first verse—I mean the twenty-first chapter, nineteenth verse, of the Gospel according to St. Matthew."

Then gazing at the congregation he said solemnly and impressively: "And presently the wig-tree fithered away."

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

The Servant Question: To get one.

The Divorce Question: How much alimony?

The Social Question: To live beyond your means and keep out of debt.

The Marriage Question: What time did you get home last night?

The Money Question: How to raise it.

The Race Question: What are the odds?

The Sunday Question: Getting up in time for church.

The Question: Asking her father.

For Services Rendered

A NUMBER of professional men in a New York hotel were one evening discussing the question of fees for professional services. When the physician, the lawyer and the engineer had had their say, the architect made a few observations touching the principle of charging for the "know-how"; and he told a story in illustration thereof.

It appears that a certain bishop of the Episcopal Church in this country once had occasion to retain the services of a first-class architect to superintend some alterations in the clerical gentleman's summer home overlooking the Hudson. The architect, after consideration, submitted his plans. By this time, however, the bishop had reached the conclusion that the cost was too great, and relinquished his building project altogether.

Said he to the architect: "And now, I shall be pleased to learn how much I shall pay you for your trouble."

"Nine hundred dollars," said the architect.

Whereupon the bishop was much taken aback. "Why!" exclaimed he, "my dear man, I have pastors in my diocese who do not receive so much as that for a whole year's service!"

"No doubt," responded the architect calmly, "but I just happen to be a bishop in my profession."

A Tale of the Sea

Said the Reverend Septimus Taft,
When about his quick marriages chaffed,
"At the top of my power
I make twelve knots an hour;
So the ministry is a good craft."

Not a "Drawing Card"

THERE is a clergyman in Richmond, Virginia, who enjoys telling the following at his own expense:

"One Sunday I was returning home when I was accosted by a quaint old woman, housekeeper in the employ of a dear friend of mine.

"'I want to tell you, sir,' said the old woman, 'how much I enjoy going to church on the days that you preach.'

"Expressing my appreciation of the compliment, I added that I was much gratified to hear it, adding that I feared I was not as popular a minister as others in the city, and I finally asked:

"'And what particular reason have you for enjoyment when I preach?'

"'Oh, sir,' she answered with appalling candor, 'I get such a good seat then!'"

Sure He was Forgiven

HARRY LEGENDRE, a New York artist, happened to be alone on the Van Cortlandt golf links the other day when three rather grave gentlemen invited him to make a foursome with them. Harry and his partner worked well together, and on the sixth green they were two up. Elated by success, Harry pressed his drive from the seventh tee and sliced the ball into a bunker, off his course and not seventy yards away.

"Well-ll-ll!" he roared; "did any one living ever see such a—— miserable drive? Of all the ——"

"Oh, pardon me, pardon me," Harry's partner feverishly interrupted. "I forgot. Let me introduce myself—the Reverend Henry Graves, pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, of Yonkers; also the Reverend Charles Bowker, pastor of the Baptist Church, and the Reverend Doctor Edward Wilberforce, rector of St. Vincent's."

Poor Harry was barely able to stagger off the tee. He was a picture of woe until he was about to drive on the ninth tee, when the Reverend Doctor, with the very faintest quiver of his left eyelid, said:

"Brethren, let us pray that *this* time Mr Legendre will drive over the bunker."

"Watch Your Hat and Coat"

A WELL-KNOWN Southern politician tells of a South Carolina preacher who, finding the weather too warm for comfort, pulled off his coat and preached in his shirt-sleeves. After the sermon, one of the deacons of the church, thinking that a newspaper man present might be disposed to make a sensational story of the incident, said to the clergyman:

"Did you know, when you pulled off your coat, that one of those newspaper fellows was in meetin'?"

"I did, indeed," responded the preacher, "but I had my eye on it all the time!"

The Cynic's Dictionary

Altruism—Mowing your neighbor's lawn.

Reform—A brief vacation for practical politicians.

The Simple Life—A strenuous effort to live unnaturally.

Candor—What a woman thinks about another woman's gown.

Tact—What she says about it.

Civil Service—Something you tip a waiter for and don't get.

Luck—An explanation of the other fellow's success.

Life Insurance—Providing for the widows and orphans—of the directors.

The Water-Wagon—A vehicle from which a man occasionally dismounts to boast of the fine ride he's having.

Thought it was a Game Law

"JUST to show you how deeply a man may feel on the negro question," recently remarked a prominent member of Georgia's Congressional delegation, "let me tell you of a conversation that took place in New York one day last week. Colonel Bill, of Atlanta, had been in Europe, and meeting Colonel Harry, of Atlanta, in Broadway, asked him the news from home.

"'Nothing much happening,' Colonel Harry replied. 'But, look here, what do you suppose our fool legislature did at the last session? Passed a statute making it a misdemeanor to shoot a nigger.'

"'A misdemeanor!' cried Colonel Bill. 'Oh, that's preposterous!'

"'I tell you it's so,' Colonel Harry insisted.

"'A misdemeanor to shoot a nigger, eh?' Colonel Bill mused. 'A misdemeanor, eh? Durin' what months of the year?'"

SAVES 1/2 to 2/3

HERE is a letter that *directly, positively concerns you*. It tells that The Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace will save you ½ to ⅔ of your coal bills.

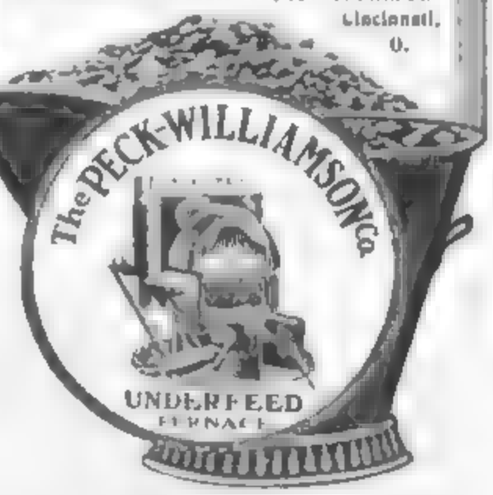
While looking [illegible] for new homes, including hot air and hot water heat, I heard of the Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED. We bought one from [illegible] and installed it in [illegible] the rooms at 74 [illegible]. The Furnace is easily managed, with but little smoke or ashes. I can recommend the Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace to any one who is going to [illegible].

The above was written recently to our agent in Kansas City, Mo., by Mr. James E. Lawrence, Mining Engineer and Metallurgist, 2334 Benton Blv'd., Kansas City, Mo. Hundreds of such letters come to us unsolicited. It will pay you to investigate.

Heating Plans and Services of our Engineering Department Absolutely FREE

We want to send you FREE our UNDERFEED [illegible] letters proving every claim we make.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth St. Cincinnati, O.



Always order

Hartshorn Shade Rollers

by name. Then look on the label for the signature of STEWART HARTSHORN. It is there for *your* protection.

WOOD ROLLERS.
TIN ROLLERS.

The Improved Hartshorn requires no tacks.

An Acquaintanceship with

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

develops into a lifelong friendship

Our miniature stick, sent for 4c in stamps, brings about the required introduction.

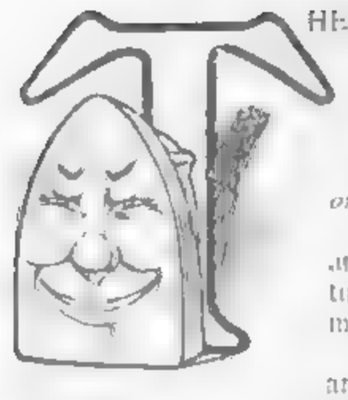
COLGATE & CO.

55 John Street New York

How Clothes are Faked with the Flat-Iron.

By Taylor Cutter.

The "Dope" of the Clothing Business, and how it is Administered to the Dear Public.



HERE are about a dozen makers of really *good* clothing.

These make as good clothing as they know how, up to a given cost.

But their clothing is only good *on the Aver.*

Some of their Suits or Overcoats are as well made, and as good fitting, as it is humanly possible to make.

And some from the same Cloth and same Factory, are found, after a week's wear, to be so badly made, and so disproportioned, that they should never have been permitted to leave the workshop.

Now the cause of this *inequality* in results from the same Cutters, with the same Cloth, and the same staff of work-people, is due to an infirmity of poor old Human Nature,—as we shall see later on.

* * *

You know a spring on a door will close it *every* time after a thousand people.

But, send a hundred of the same people through the same door without the spring on it (with instructions to close it tightly every time) and what will be the result?

—A few will close it tightly.

—A few will half close it.

—A few will leave it nearly closed.

—And a few will forget to close it altogether, leaving it wide open.

Now *that's* just Human Nature.

And when it isn't possible to put a spring on the door, you can only be *sure* it will be closed every time by getting the *right kind of man to watch it*, and to close it properly *himself*, after the derelicts.

This is where the Clothing business comes into comparison.

* * *

You can't make clothing *by machinery*, as you could stamp out metal.

Because, Cloth is variable in texture and elastic in treatment.

It will *stretch* too much, at certain places, in the hands of one Operator, or it won't stretch quite *enough* in the hands of another.

And, the same Operator will handle the same cloth differently on two different days of the same week, according to how that person *feels* on each of the two days.

Not *very* differently, perhaps—

But, it takes very *little* difference in the *tension* on Cloth, when sewing a Shoulder seam for instance, to throw a whole Coat out of balance.

And, that Coat will then look like a caricature, until the hot pressing iron *shrinks* up the defects *temporarily*.

But, that defect *remains* just the same, though hidden when you buy the garment, and the first damp day will release the *shrinking* which the Flat-Iron produced.

Then, a *hump* on your shoulder will develop, where a *concavity* should be.

* * *

The Flat-Iron, you know, is "the dope" and the ready "cure-all" of the Clothing business.

You can shrink up any defective *fullness* with it, or you can stretch out any *shortness* with it, in a minute.

But that's only *covering* a defect—it is not *removing it:*

Nothing but the shears, and clever *hand* needle-work will actually restore the over-strained condition, or the flabby condition, of a seam to its normal lines.

And *hand* needle-work is the most *costly* thing in clothing, next to expert designing.

Now, practically *all* clothing is made up to a certain *average* of good quality.

And if you happen to get a Suit or Overcoat that has not been sweated, nor shrank, nor stretched into shape somewhere by the hot flat-iron, you are in luck—that's all.

But you take a *chance* every time you buy a garment from Clothier or Tailor, that the imperfections in it have been merely *glossed over* with the pressing iron to develop out the first damp day you wear it.

Eighty per cent of all Coats and Overcoats receive their shape from the flat-iron—from shrinking or stretching of the cloth by heat and moisture, instead of from permanent and sufficient *hand needle-work.*

That accounts for the multitude of shoulders that become humpy and sloping.

—Collars that "set away" from the neck, or bind it too tightly.

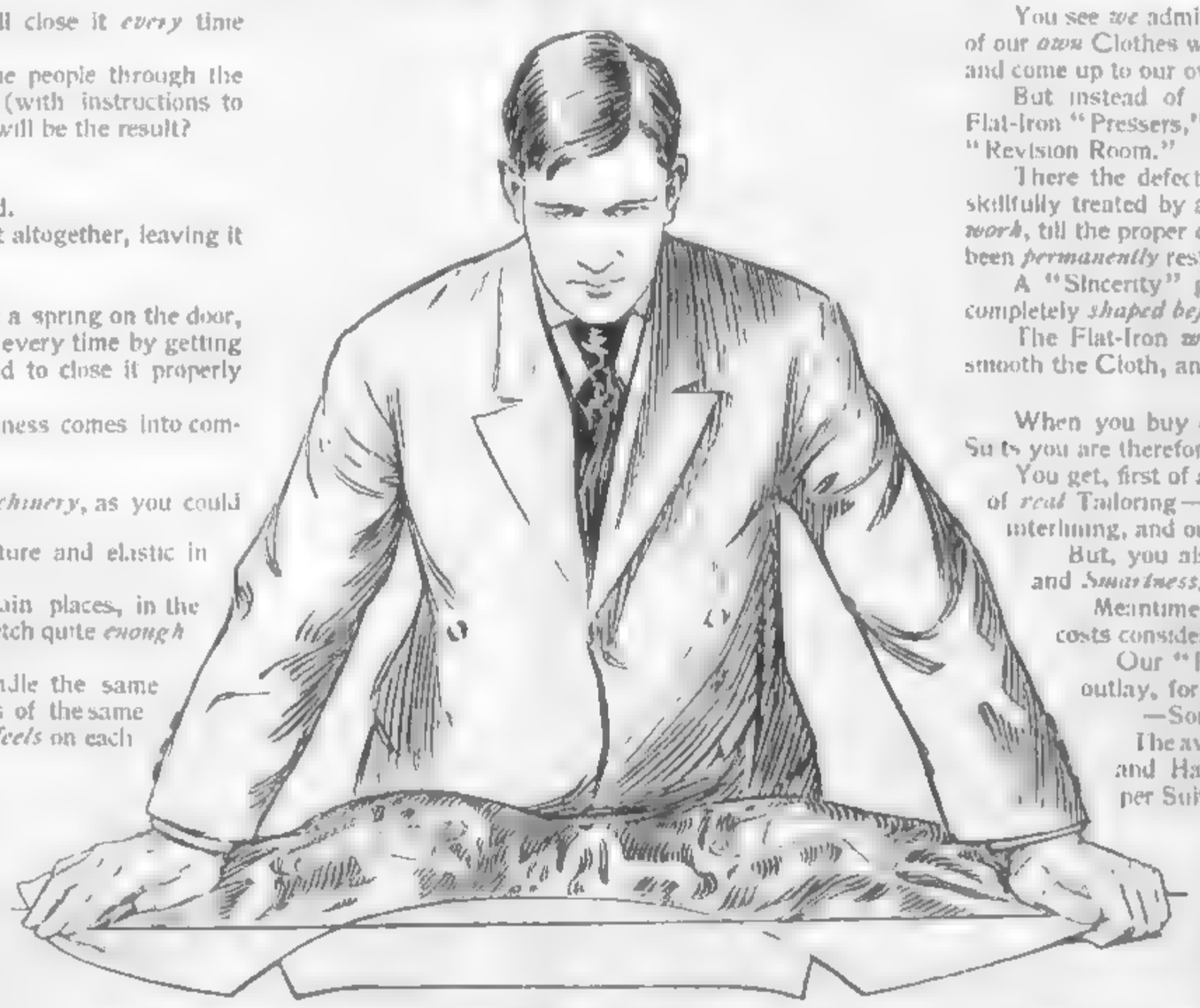
—Lapels that bulge up at one side after wear.

—Sleeves that twist, and pinch up under the arms.

—Coat fronts that wrinkle crosswise under the arms [illegible] seams.

[illegible] "dope" of the Flat-Iron has *masked* all these defects temporarily before the garments left the factory.

But, these defects *come up again*, like weeds, with the first day of moisture. What is the sure preventive?



This is the Kuh, Nathan & Fischer method of "Sincerity" Tailoring:

—All collars must be "*cut*" to *fit correctly without the aid of the Pressing Iron.* Without artificial steaming, stretching, or shrinking by the Flat-Iron.

Take any Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Coat, lay it on the table as in picture above, and you will see that the outer edge and turn-over line of Collar will lie *perfectly straight.*

This *proves* it is *not* "faked" with the Flat-Iron, but is properly "made" by correct cutting and sincere sewing.

Take another coat from practically any other brand of Clothing. Lay it on the table in the same way, and you will find the Collar curved and wavy as in picture No. 2 shown below.

That's Flat-Iron work which *melts out* in Wearing.

We call *our* garments "Sincerity Clothes."

Because

We don't merely "cover" defects in the making with a Flat-Iron.

We remove them *permanently* with scissors *and hand* needle-work.

You see *we* admit that there might be defects in some of our *own* Clothes when they leave our workmen's hands, and come up to our own dissecting table for inspection.

But instead of chalk-marking these defects for the Flat-Iron "Pressers," they are sent to the Foreman of our "Revision Room."

There the defective seams *are opened up again*, and skillfully treated by an expert staff, through *hand needle-work*, till the proper degree of tension and shapeliness has been *permanently* restored.

A "Sincerity" garment is therefore fully *made*, and completely *shaped before* it reaches the Pressers' Flat-Iron.

The Flat-Iron *we* permit solely to flatten the seams, smooth the Cloth, and restore its original finish.

* * *

When you buy one of our "Sincerity" Overcoats or Suits you are therefore *not* buying a lottery.

You get, first of all, garments that have the earmarks of *real* Tailoring—the smartness of outline, thinness of interlining, and our absence of *excessive* padding.

But, you also get garments that *hold* their Style, and *Smartness*, till worn threadbare.

Meantime, this kind of Sincere Workmanship costs considerably more than "Flat-Iron faking."

Our "Revision Room" represents an extra outlay, for Style-Insurance and Shape-Retention—Somebody must pay for that.

The average cost, for our Sincerity inspection, and Hand-Stitched Revision, is about $1.00 per Suit, or Overcoat.

We charge that *extra* dollar to the Retailers who sell our "Sincerity Clothes."

Some Retailers object to paying the extra dollar, saying "It is up to the Consumer to look out for himself, when he has once purchased and *paid* for his Garments!"

That sort of Retailer does *not* carry our "Sincerity Clothes," and naturally will tell you he has "Something just as good" when you ask for ours.

But, isn't it *worth* a Dollar extra *to you*, to be *sure* your Clothes are not "Flat-Iron Fakes," and to be sure they will *keep* their Shape until worn out?

If it is, then look for the label of the "Sincerity" Clothiers when you are about to buy your Fall Clothes.

That label reads as follows:

"KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO."

CHICAGO.

THE WASTEFUL WEST

(Concluded from Page 9)

fighting, got back to the place where the wagons had been, both wagons and beds were gone

"Follow them up?" said Pat Garrett. "How could you tell in those days who a skin-hunter was, or where he came from, or where he was going? We just marked the beds off—and mine cost me the best part of a hundred"

What became of the buffalo robes that came in such untold thousands from the Plains? This is a very common question, yet there seems no answer for it. To-day a good robe is worth what it will bring. There are no quotations; but if you have a robe, keep it. There are very few left among the whites, and among the Indians only a few, preserved as records; for your Indian was fond of inscribing his deeds of valor upon the inside of the buffalo robe. The robe has almost disappeared from sight, whether as an article of commerce or of curiosity, and this is true though the skin was tough enough to wear indefinitely. Perhaps our fathers were careless of their buffalo robes, thinking they could easily get others—the old cry of the West and of all America. To-day there is a certain value in a whitened buffalo skull, bleached on the Plains. A good trophy-head is worth what the purchaser will give from three hundred to fifteen hundred dollars

Once upon a time, within memory, there was a Chicago restaurant which advertised buffalo meat. It came from a private herd on the Flathead reservation. There are no restaurants to-day, West or East, which advertise "No Buff Served Here!" Even in the last days of the buffalo killing there were Ballard rifles and Winchesters on the Plains. To-day a Sharps rifle and an old-time "I. Wilson butcher" are curiosities, and would seem affectations if claimed as personal equipment. Perhaps you once saw your father or your grandfather wear a pair of buffalo mittens, or a rarer pair of buffalo moccasins. You will never see that again.

The "Bubble" Hunt for Buffalo

For a time the shrinking herds of the buffalo found refuges in the Red Desert of Wyoming, the Lost Park of Colorado, the barren grounds of the Musselshell, in the cow country, but there is now probably not a head left in any one of those districts. The Cree Indians came down and cleaned out the last of the Musselshell band a few years ago. In 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889 there were a few buffalo left in the Neutral Strip or the Panhandle of Texas, in a very wild and desert country, where water is extremely scarce and where it is dangerous for the unskilled hunter to venture. I saw about two hundred and fifty head of buffalo in this country in the year 1886. That was the time of the land boom in Kansas, and the advancing settlers soon wiped out the last of these. There are now no wild buffalo in the United States. There are a few, strictly protected, somewhere in the British possessions, supposedly in the Peace River District. There are, of course, some few small herds of buffalo owned in different parts of the West, from the Flathead reservation to Texas; and the Yellowstone Park herd, small and ill-thriving as it is, is all that remains of the one hundred and twenty-five head, which was the limit a good hunter and myself could assign under a fair count in the winter of 1894—when we snow-shoed over the entire Park

So now, of course, there is no such thing as a buffalo hunt. There was a man of the East—and the impression remains that he came from Philadelphia, too; more is the shame to Philadelphia!—who organized the most peculiar buffalo hunt on record He bought a buffalo bull of a zoological park, had it shipped to him, took it out into the woods back of his house, calmly shot it, and had its head mounted! Even this was almost as exciting as some of the "hunts" for tame buffalo which now and again come to us from Oklahoma or one of the Indian reservations of Dakota. There was an automobile taking part in one of the latest of these modern buffalo "hunts." We go hunting now, for any manner of big game, personally conducted by the licensed guide, who shows us last year's elk tracks for our money, or tells tales of a buffalo wallow which was once seen on his father's farm

Yet all this high-grade and systematized butchery, in which the Beef Trust did not play a part, ended only about twenty years ago. The Indians refuse to believe that it is ended. They pray to their leaders among the white men to take them North, far away, "where the buffalo have gone." Being told there is no such land, they take it out in praying for a hereafter in which there shall be plenty of buffalo. One of these days some of us white Americans may be praying for a square meal of beef once more.

The destruction of the buffalo was the tragedy of the fur trade. It was not so much a blunder in commerce as it was an accident of civilization. The belt of the machinery of progress got loose when the railroads came and the engine "raced." There was a time of flurry and unpreparedness when our transportation for the first time ran ahead of us. It was the railroads that killed off the buffalo

Is the End Yet?

Has the tragedy of the Plains been repeated in other respects—has the fur trade ravaged and dwindled in other phases? No, in hardly any other respect has American commerce in raw resources so outrun itself The fur trade is a very ancient and a very honorable calling on this continent, and, centuries ago, reached the dignity of a monopoly—a monopoly which for some time has been broken up and scattered by many individual enterprises. The glory of the Hudson Bay Company has long since departed, and in these days there are little traders all over the remaining fur country, far and near

It is a common saying that anybody can buy fur, and that there is a buyer waiting for every skin

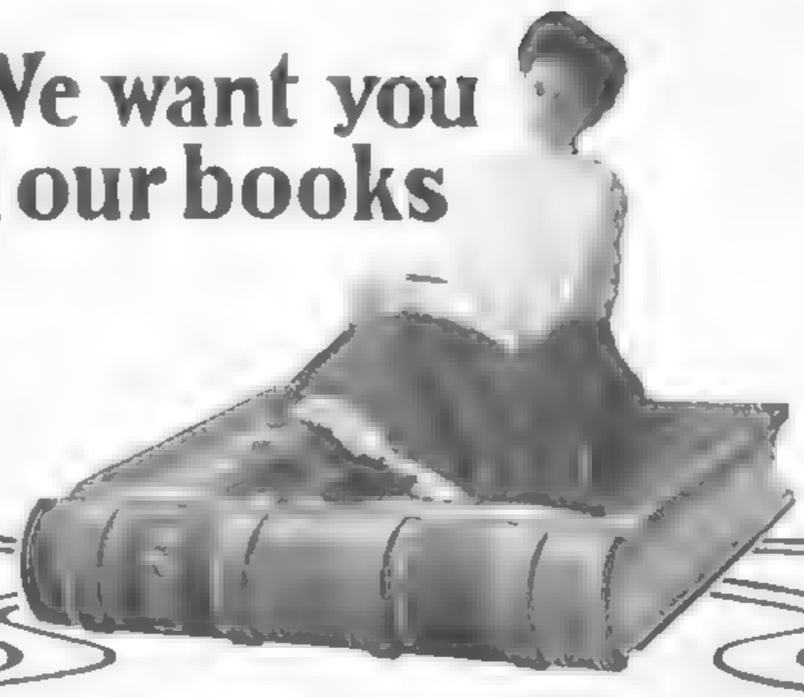
Why is this the case? Because our people are becoming much richer. More persons are wearing furs than ever before. Although we Americans know little about really good furs—one must go to Russia to see the full glory of the wilderness—we buy more and more furs every year, and pay more and more for them. One would think that under this increasing demand the supply would become exhausted just as it was exhausted in the case of the buffalo. Yet the truth remains that the number of small furs taken each year is about as great now as at any time, and it is a quantity which seems not to fluctuate very much from year to year.

The test lies in the great fur market of London, whose records will verify this statement. All furs are harder to get, but they are obtained. It costs more to get them, but the people pay more.

We wiped the West off the land, if not off the maps, long ago, and now we seek to water its grave with national irrigation. The terms civilized and savage are, however, but relative, and there is always some sort of balance struck between them. We have civilized the Japanese out of a sweet way of life and made them expert butchers of men. We, as a people, respect ourselves much as being progressive and civilized, yet we have shown ourselves expert butchers of defenseless animals. The truth is, the savage side of man cannot wholly be eliminated.

Continually we make war upon the wilderness, its people, its creatures; yet, having done so, we covet again the wilderness, yearn for it, depend upon it, and ape it even in our clothing. We may abolish the wilderness from the land and from the map, but we cannot abolish it from our blood. It is therefore much a matter of course after all, that, having eaten the heart out of our cake, we shall manage to get along with the fragments left around the edge. We may pay a little more for the fragments than for the rest, but we can afford it. We are rich, rich!

We want you on our books



As an Employer of our Automatic Servant

A servant whose wages are five cents a day the first year. After that it works for you free for a lifetime. Low wages—and we trust you for these wages [illegible]

This automatic servant puts the **Hoosier System** into your kitchen It groups together everything you use in preparing a meal—each article has its own special place—all within easy reach

The **Hoosier System** saves countless wearying footsteps—from sink to pantry—from pantry to range—from range to kitchen table.

It doesn't let you run out of sugar—flour—or anything else you need every time you cook. This automatic servant—

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

is the most competent housekeeper's helper you have ever known

Takes the place of a pantry—is far more convenient [illegible] Its supplies are all in one place The large cupboards—the roomy drawers—hold everything a pantry will

And think of the labor saving—the supply saving devices that alone pay for the cabinet

The HOOSIER CABINET has exclusive features no other cabinet possesses.

It contains a 50-pound sanitary self cleaning flour bin with sifter attached; an insect proof [illegible] that preserve the flavor of the spices; an aluminum covered extension table top that provides more working space than a kitchen table; a housekeepers' [illegible] wonderful aid to the memory; a large china closet and [illegible] cupboard and drawer room for all utensils, provisions, etc

5 CENTS A DAY

buys it—the price of one car fare saves a mile of walking in a hot kitchen every day

You pay a small sum down; then just a little each month until your **Hoosier Cabinet** is paid for

We send you the cabinet with the first payment. We trust you with it—so that you have the use of the cabinet from the start—while you are paying for it

Isn't it worth five cents a day—one and one half cents a meal—to cut your kitchen work in two?

The Hoosier is the lowest-priced good kitchen cabinet made. No more substantial—convenient—useful kitchen cabinet for twice the money.

It is built like a [illegible] set—made of solid oak—construction, workmanship and finish the highest grade

A $20,000.00 BOND

[illegible] Sold on thirty days' trial. [illegible]

EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

Send for handsome [illegible] treated free [illegible] Hoosier Cabinet [illegible] is sold at such a low price—how much kitchen labor it saves and how every home can have a Hoosier.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

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CATALOGUE FREE
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Oddities and Novelties

PROTECTING THE QUAIL—We May Get Back to the Days When Bobwhites Were Twelve Cents a Dozen.

SPORTSMEN in this country are trying to prevent the "pot-hunters" from destroying the quail, which already are few compared with their numbers in former days—as may be judged from the fact that in 1810, according to the statement of the naturalist Audubon, they could be bought for twelve cents a dozen. In 1831 they were commonly purchasable at fifty cents a dozen, being even then a delicacy obtainable by the poor; but the price to-day ranges from three dollars to five dollars a dozen.

The demand for quail always exceeds the supply, and on this account the birds are sought persistently by market hunters everywhere. A single dealer not long ago sold 100,000 of them in one season. No wonder, then, that dear little "Bobwhite" is disappearing.

At a conservative estimate, from 300,000 to 400,000 sportsmen go out from our cities every autumn to hunt quail. Of course they kill a great many of the birds, but they do not wipe them out wholesale, and, in compensation, they pay a great deal of money to farmers who own good shooting land. Besides, paradoxical as it may seem, they exert a powerful influence for the protection of the "Bobwhite." Many individuals and clubs own or lease large tracts, where they maintain the birds and shoot only the surplus. These enthusiasts assist in the enforcement of game laws, restock depleted coverts, and provide food for the quail in times of scarcity.

Some clubs are organized for the purpose of holding "field trials," the object of which is to test the ability of competing dogs to find and point quails. Retrieving being not required, the birds are not shot. Such trials are held in a score of States, and in some of the contests more than a hundred dogs are entered. A few owners of field-trial dogs have preserves of their own, stocked with quail, and live "Bobwhites" for purposes of the kind are in demand at high prices.

A number of clubs control, each of them, preserves of from 5000 to 20,000 acres, on which no shooting is allowed—or, if permitted, is carefully regulated—and suitable measures are taken for protecting the quail and facilitating their propagation. The birds breed rapidly, and under such conditions they multiply at a surprising rate.

THE CRAFTY CRAB—He Can Dig Reservoirs and Amputate His Limbs With Equal Grace and Skill.

INCIDENTALLY to a profound study which the United States Fish Commission has been making recently of the common edible crab of the Atlantic coast, the discovery has been made that, in addition to having teeth in its stomach and wearing its skeleton on the outside of its body, this animal is interesting by reason of the skill it exhibits in a certain kind of engineering work which under some circumstances it is obliged to perform.

Occasionally, in ponds and streams so shallow that they become nearly dry at low tide, the crab may be observed to dig a conical hole of considerable size, evidently for use as a reservoir. The work of making such an excavation often requires two or three hours, and is begun soon after the tide has started to ebb strongly. Load after load of sand and pebbles are carried away by the crustacean, clasped between the large claw and the lower surface of the front of the shell. It loosens the sand with the tips of its legs, scraping it together, grasps all it can carry, and then moves off a few inches to deposit the burden.

In this way the hole is gradually deepened, and by the time it is finished it has a breadth of about a foot, with a depth of perhaps six inches. The crab then settles itself in the water or moist sand at the bottom of the excavation, and there waits patiently until the rising tide gives it an opportunity to move about again in its native element.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the crab is its ability to amputate any of its own limbs voluntarily. This performance on its part has long been regarded as a puzzle, though it was noticed that the leg or arm was dropped usually after being injured. It is now known that the object in view is to prevent bleeding to death. If, however, one of these animals is captured and held by one leg, it is likely to snap the limb off and make its escape.

The breakage always occurs at the same point—not at a joint, but across one of the segments near the base of the arm or leg. At that point there is a sort of groove, resembling the scratch which a boy makes across a piece of candy in order to break it. In the case of the crab the fracture is accomplished on exactly the same principle. But the lost limb grows again after a while, though it will not reproduce itself more than three or four times.

Curiously enough, a sudden lowering of temperature will cause crabs to part with their limbs. In one case observed by experts of the Fish Commission, where an attempt was made to procure soft crabs for market by confining a lot of hard crabs in an inclosure until they had shed their shells, a snap of severe cold weather reduced the entire catch to a lot of legless bodies.

PULPING FRUITS—"There's Millions In It" for France, and America Will Soon Learn the Trick.

THE so-called "pulping" of fruits, which is destined to be an important industry in the United States, has made as yet hardly more than a start on this side of the water, though such work is done on an immense scale in Europe, and especially in France, where in a single department no less than 250,000 hundredweight of black currant pulp is produced annually.

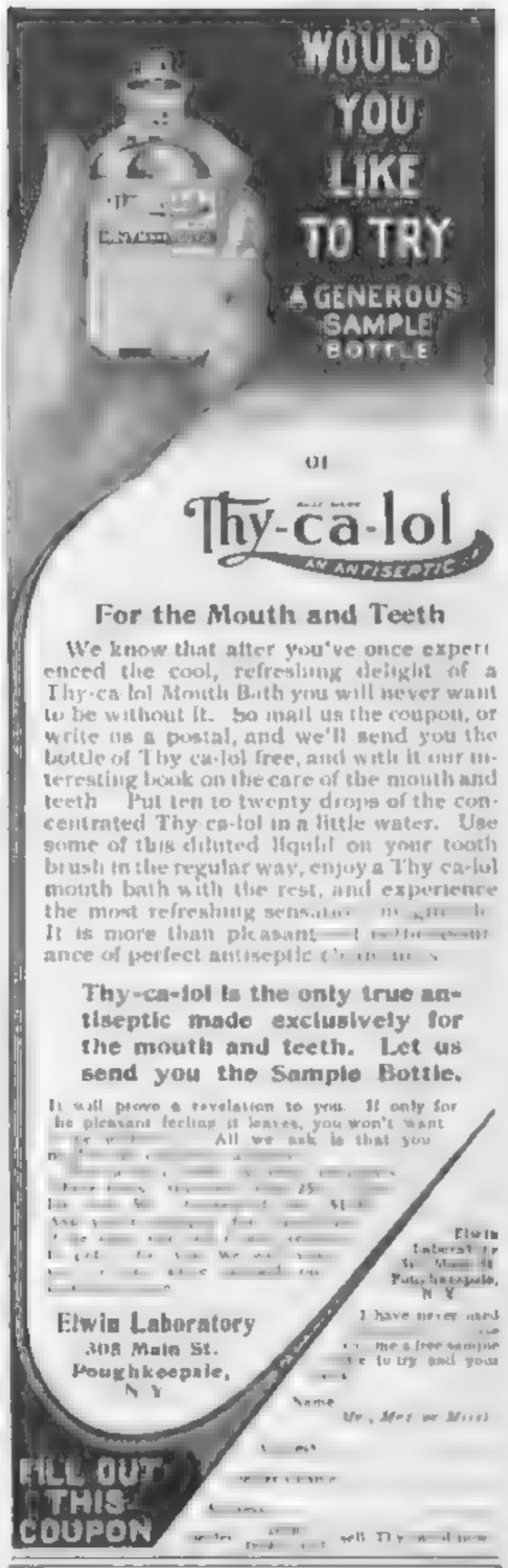
The object of the process is to convert various kinds of fruits into a shape in which they may be shipped for long distances, or kept for an indefinite time, for use in the manufacture of jams, or to be sold when the market demand is best and prices highest. After stalks and pits have been removed the pulp is sterilized in tin-lined receptacles—care being taken, however, to avoid actual cooking.

Black currant pulp is largely used in confectionery. The pulps of cherries, raspberries, red currants, plums and apricots are also employed on a large scale. Women do practically all of the work, a smart girl being able to remove the stems of from 110 to 220 pounds of currants a day. Similarly, an average operator can pulp about eleven pounds of cherries in an hour, throwing aside the stems and pits—for which purpose a simple tool of copper wire is utilized, bent in the shape of a U, with the ends stuck into a wooden handle.

The apricot pits are not thrown away, but are dried and broken, the kernels being sold for the manufacture of "extract of bitter almonds"—a familiar commercial article. It is in the neighborhood of Dijon that the industry here described has attained greatest development; but there can be no doubt that in the not-distant future California, with its unrivaled fruit crops, will become a producer of pulps on a scale exceeding the whole of France, or possibly even all the countries of Europe.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE—Uncle Sam's Sea Farmers are Busy Sowing Seeds for Future Crops.

ANY estimate of the scientific work of the Government would be incomplete without a reference to the doings of the Bureau of Fisheries, which, at a total expense of only about $550,000 per annum, accomplishes a gigantic task in the stocking of the rivers and lakes with valuable food fishes. But for its efforts the shad-fishery by this time would have practically ceased to exist. Last year it put 250,000,000 young whitefish into the Great Lakes, and it has built up the cod-fishery to a considerable extent by contributing to the waters of the sea hundreds of millions of artificially-hatched "fry." On the New England coast it is propagating lobsters; in Florida it is establishing subaqueous farms for the rearing of sponges, and on the Potomac it is fattening oysters by a new process of its own contrivance. Thanks to methods which it has studied out and developed, the output of oysters in the Chesapeake in a single year half a century from now, or perhaps sooner, is likely to be equal to the total production of the last fifty years.



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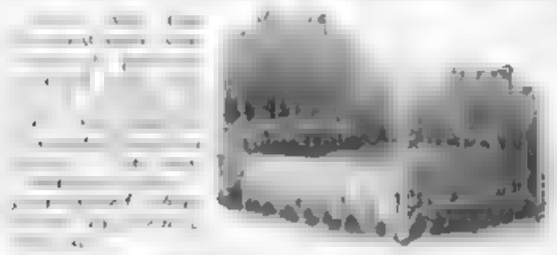

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PLAYER FOLK

Maxine Elliott, Who, in Her New Play, has an Opportunity, as a Gipsy Fortune-Teller, of Displaying Effectively Her Vivid Beauty

Tailor-Made Plays

BOTH Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas have of late been called to book pretty sharply by metropolitan critics for what is alleged to be a debasement of their art in writing "tailor-made" plays. In De Lancey Mr. Thomas has not only represented his hero as the familiar John Drew character—an amiable combination of gentlemanly dignity and masculine humor, of chivalry and half-cynical ennui—but has gone so far as to have one of the characters in the play comment on the prominence of the hero's nose and chin, and the fact that the whites of his eyes are visible beneath the pupils. In Her Great Match Mr. Fitch has provided Miss Maxine Elliott with an opportunity of displaying her vivid beauty in assuming the costume of a gipsy fortune-teller; and has so ordered his story as to give her a chance of running the gamut of her most telling effects as an actress. The idea of the frowning critics would seem to be that it is the duty of the playwright who takes his art seriously to bend his interpreters to the furtherance of his own aims as a dramatist.

When the playwright does assert his supremacy it may perhaps be a cause for congratulation; but the critics, in their austerity, neglect one of the obvious conditions of dramatic art. Just as the sculptor is limited in his effects by the capabilities of marble or of bronze, and the painter by the size of his canvas, the narrow range of colors on his palette, so the dramatist is bound down by the nature and abilities of the actors who are to embody their conceptions. In so far as a creative artist attempts effects beyond the means at his disposal he is a bad artist.

Of Shakespeare's claims to distinction not the least was his workmanlike use of the materials he found at hand. Christopher Marlowe had written his Jew of Malta for Alleyn, the star of the company which was the chief rival of Shakespeare's company at the Globe. It was a tailor-made part, excellently adapted to Alleyn's popular vein of bombast. Shakespeare wrote The Merchant of Venice to give simular expression to Richard Burbage's finer and more flexible art. One of the most popular of the actors in the Globe company was Kemp, the clown. Shakespeare seldom wrote a play without a part to give scope to this man's humors. As a result, we have Dogberry, Bottom and many other creations of perennial delight. In The Winter's Tale Shakespeare brought on a bear, doubtless borrowed from a neighboring bear garden, to provide an actor with a striking exit—as we find in the stage direction, "exit: pursued by a bear." In The Two Gentlemen of Verona he included Speed's dog among his *dramatis personæ*.

Goethe, among moderns, felt himself above this sort of thing. As director of the Weimar theatre he bent all his influence to prevent the appearance of a performing dog; and when he failed he all but threw

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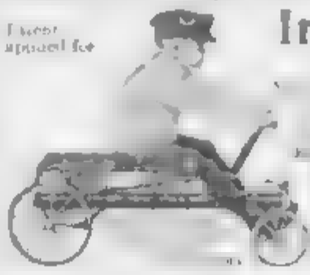

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THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the Fourteenth Biennial Head Camp, Modern Woodmen of America, convened at Milwaukee, Wis., Tuesday, June 20, 1905, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.; that sessions were held June 20, 21, 22 and 23, that the last session remained in convention until 1:57 o'clock p. m. June 24; that the full shorthand report, in typewriting, was delivered to the Head Consul one and three-fifths seconds after adjournment; that the shorthand reporters of said official staff were Robert F. Rose, official U. S. A. Verbatim Reporter; J. M. Carney, C. R. Cowell, W. R. Ford, G. L. Chase and A. W. Mahone.

Signed at Milwaukee, Wis., June 24, 1905

A. R. TALBOT, *Head Consul*

C. W. HAWES, *Head Clerk*

A new and wonderful shorthand record was announced when the above certificate was printed in the Milwaukee newspapers the day following the adjournment of the convention in Milwaukee. In one and three-fifths seconds—not minutes, but seconds—there had been delivered the full verbatim report of a great national convention—a feat never before approached in shorthand work.

But the most important fact in connection with this record-breaking feat is that every expert working on this convention was a graduate of the Success Shorthand School, Chicago, with the exception of Official Reporter Rose, and he is one of the instructors in that school. Some of them have studied shorthand less than one year, and are now expert court reporters, and three of them have not, as yet, reached their majorities.

The Success Shorthand School is presided over by Walton, James & Ford, the largest firm of court reporters in the world, and Robert F. Rose, one of the best-known experts. Although it has been in existence but two years, it has graduated more expert shorthand writers than any other school, irrespective of age. Throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico are expert court reporters, private secretaries and successful stenographers in commercial and legal work, who owe their ability to the correspondence instruction of this institution. Beginners, with no previous knowledge of shorthand, have been made expert shorthand writers, while stenographers, writing other systems, have been taken "out of the rut" and their salaries have been more than doubled.

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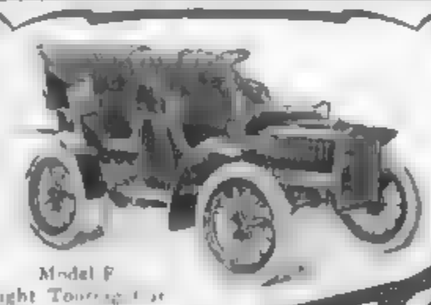

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Henry Miller's Revenge

LEADING ladies are not the only player-folk subject to fits of temper. Henry Miller, who of late suffered a run of bad luck, the end of which found him on the vaudeville stage, this year undertook to regain his prestige by establishing a first-class stock company on Broadway. While under the strain of preparation he was crossed by Channing Pollock, the press representative of his backers. Mr. Miller cut short the dispute by sharply demanding what Mr. Pollock knew about acting, anyway. Mr. Pollock replied that it would not take long to find out as much as an actor who had taken twenty years to prepare for his vaudeville début.—Curtain.

The final act in this drama behind the scenes came on the night of the production, at Newark, of Mr. Miller's first offering, Zira, a modern version of Clara Morris' old emotional piece, The New Magdalen, in which Miss Margaret Anglin played the title rôle. Mr. Pollock asked for admission at the stage-door, and was refused it, the doorkeeper not being able to identify him. Mr. Miller was called. He looked Mr. Pollock over carefully and coldly, and walked away without the faintest sign of recognition. It was Mr. Pollock's turn to fume. In spite of bickerings, the play proved a great success, Miss Anglin being acclaimed as foremost of our emotional actresses.

Off-Stage Hits

OF ALL the effects of realism none is harder to get than the precise sound of noises which are supposed to come from a distance beyond the scene.

In George Ade's recent play, The Bad Samaritan, one of the scenes showed a popular seaside resort, and Mr. Ade wanted to represent the sound of the waves on the beach beyond. Every means was tried in vain, and the thing was at last given up. One day, while the company were rehearsing the scene, the identical noise Mr. Ade had been trying for so long broke upon his ears. First came a distant booming of the breaker—an angry torrent of sound. Then followed a swirl and a swish, and the thin, diminishing cry of pebbles chafed by the backwash—the very perfection of what Tennyson called:

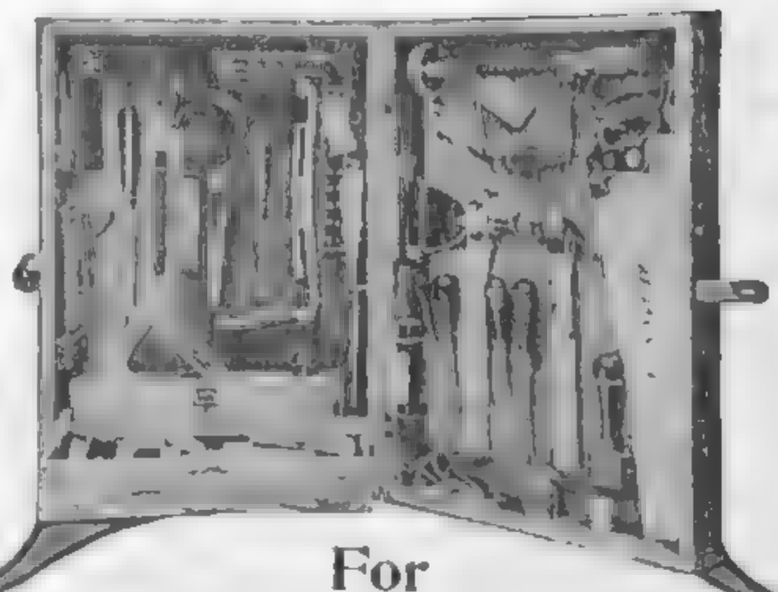
> The shriek of the angry beach, dragged down by the wave.

Mr. Ade rushed to the back stage in delight to see how the sound had been produced. He found it empty. Yet he still heard the rhythmical roar of the distant surf. The stage-door was open and there was a coal-wagon backed up to the curb. The booming of the breaker was made by the scoopfuls of coal as they struck the sheet-iron chute, and roared down it into the coal-hole.

Mr. Ade rushed back upon the stage and announced that he had got his wave-effect. But his star demurred. The sound of the coal, he said, killed the effect of his best lines. The objection was perfectly just. There is always the danger that this sort of thing will blot out legitimate dramatic effect. The play, however, was a dead cock in the dramatic pit from the outset. It was withdrawn at the end of a fortnight.

In Her Own Way, Clyde Fitch used one of these off-stage effects with striking success. The crisis of the play came through a report of the hero's death in the Philippines. The audience had heard the news, but the heroine was still in the dark. The tidings were brought to her by means of a newspaper extra. It was necessary to indicate the approach of the newsboy from far down the street, the fateful cry becoming louder and clearer until it came up from beneath a drawing-room window. Mr. Fitch spent days and days rehearsing his newsboy before he produced the precise effect he desired; but it was worth all his efforts. As the whole fate of the story was at stake, the moment was one of striking dramatic suspense.

up his directorship. But it may be remarked that his plays have never proved popular, and in any true sense of the word cannot be called intrinsically dramatic. The plays of the good-humored and practical Shakespeare are not only supreme works of the intellect and the imagination, but excellent acting pieces as well. It may be added that Mr. Fitch and Mr. Thomas have scored two of the few successes of the season.



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Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, driers and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oils, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

NOTE.—My 8 Year Guarantee backed by $50,000 Bond.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 800 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.

I sell all of my paint on six months' time if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How To Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

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References—Any Raleigh Bank or the Mercantile Agencies—Dun or Bradstreet

RALEIGH HOSIERY CO., Raleigh, N. C.

THE IDEALIST

(Concluded from Page 5)

arms of the goal, Thane looked upon his men, and he saw that they were crushed; that this last verdict of Time, coming upon the fag-end of their endurance, had broken them. The touch-down must be made immediately, it must be made by one man—it must be made by him!

A heavy silence had fallen upon the arena; the bleachers, in a reaction from the delirious strain, were numb; motionless, as if of wrought-iron, they looked upon the beaten team, pennants and colors hanging flutterless. Far across the trodden field, barred by the Cardinal goal-posts, the sun was setting. Thane thrilled in an ecstasy of resolution. In the glow of that descending sun, visible only to him through the divination of love, she appeared, his College, the Mother of his Soul, throned there above earthly turmoil, serene in her trust; and within the ample folds of her cloud garments her arms stretched to him in calm, assured appeal.

There was a shrill whistle. The man at the centre of the spread Cardinal line ran forward with shortened steps; there was a thump, and far up into the depths of the sky the ball soared slowly, while, following along the ground beneath, the red-jerseyed line thundered down the field. And right away Thane saw that the ball was his. It rose, rose, till it seemed but a little black spot; it seemed to stick, pasted to the heavens; and then it began to come down, down, down in long spirals, with ever increasing velocity. Thane, changing ground with each of its swoops, remained beneath it, and suddenly, with a vicious last burst it banged into his arms. For a moment he was still, looking above the far Cardinal goal-posts, into the sunset depths where he saw Her calling to him in tranquil command. Then, with a side-step that threw off the first red tackler, he lowered his head and started down the field

And then the multitude saw something that lived ever after in the college annals They saw Thane, cunningly concealing himself behind the team which had bunched before him, follow it as it thundered down the centre of the field in a living shield; then, as its impetus spent itself upon the Cardinal charge, leave it and spring out alone to the left. They saw him with a phenomenal burst of speed circle clear around a trio of red jerseys, and, swerving back to a straight course, make right for the goal-posts. He struck a group of Cardinal men who had diagonaled to intercept him as he circled, and his striped jersey flashed through them as if something vapory that glided through matter—and then he was clear, a red whirl in pursuit and two men only in the way. The first approached him, carefully measuring distance and speed. He crouched; his legs distended like springs, and he flew low along the ground. Thane's left arm went out straight like a lance, and suddenly the red jersey collapsed like a rag. Thane wavered a moment; he sent a queer, dazed look ahead and above, seemed to find what he sought, and then with a smile, his eyes ahead and up in a singular rapt expression, he sprang forward again, straight for the last man in his path, as if unaware of his presence. He neared him with great leaps; he was almost upon him. Suddenly his whole body seemed to rise in air; his knees snapped up to his chin—and the red jersey streaked impotently beneath, hurdled! A few more steps and Thane was over the last white line, fair between the posts. And there, with the same ridiculous, rapt expression, he stood erect, the ball tight under his arm, his eyes in the clouds; and there a moment later the avenging red whirl caught him still idiotically standing, and with a fury that could not nullify what had been done—the second touch-down gained, the game won—pounded him deep into the sod.

All this the astounded bleachers saw; but Thane didn't. All that he knew was of running, with a longing burst that came straight from the heart, through a great silence and a whirr of red, straight for a vision that was throned in the clouds. And he was still there—in the clouds—two hours later when, at the delirious banquet given in honor of the victory, to the coach's question, "How the deuce did you do it?" he answered, "Oh, I just ran to Her."

Which raised a general laugh and straightway regained him his nickname, "Girlie," that for at least two hours he had been in danger of losing.

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excel all others—we want to *prove* it to you. No amount of words can do that conclusively, and we would not want them to. First—we have the achievements of Peerless cars in every branch of competition for reliability, endurance, ease of operation, speed, and for all around efficiency of service. Second—we have the direct proof to put to you *now:* Examine the car yourself—compare it with all others. If not quite sure of your own judgment, call in an expert friend. But *investigate*—enjoy a ride in a Peerless.

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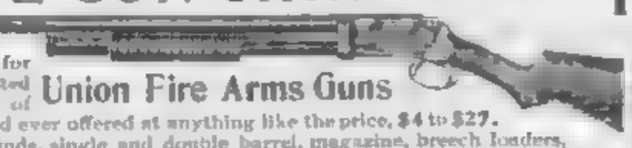

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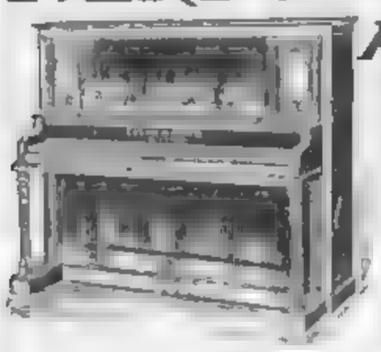

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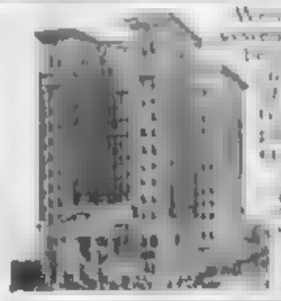

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THE FIRST OF ALL THE LINE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Do you care?" she asked.

He was incapable of speaking, and bent his head

Looking at him, Patricia felt a mansion in the West End, a place in Surrey, which at her father's words had poked their chimney-tops above the horizon, slip away from her as though the intermediary Atlantic had swallowed them.

"Do you want me so very much?" she said gently

"I want you, oh, I want you—so much that nothing else matters!"

She looked at him with clear eyes, questioningly.

"Patricia! Patricia! . . . There aren't any words for what I want to say. I love you, I love you!"

She held him away from her, as he tried to draw her to him. Suddenly her clear eyes were swimming, her lashes descended toward her cheek.

"Yes, yes, yes, I love you. Oh, do be careful; you'll crush my dress!" she panted. And the steps of Algernon sounding close at hand, before he had touched her lips she freed herself, and fled to the carriage.

She still breathed quickly. The street-lamps wore aureoles of light, the cobble-stones were singing, the rumble of the wheels set itself to music. There began a night of madness.

"Delighted!" exclaimed Algernon, as he grasped the hand of Sir Charles Landower at the moment of introduction

He felt confident that that well-scrubbed lion Sir Charles had not caught his name. Confusion! was there ever anything so exasperating? One might guess that Sir Charles did not catch *any* names, but merely put out a large and rather red hand, bent a large and decidedly red face, and muttered. The lion was of the type it rattles to be lionized.

At table Algernon would have liked to rise from his chair and cry: "I also am here, Sir Charles—descended, though you do not know it, from Sir Aylmer Vanety. And, Sir Charles, . . . this is my daughter."

No one had ever seen Patricia look so lovely. Strange that Sir Charles' gaze was not fixed upon her continually! But remarkable things had happened to Sir Charles in Chicago. He paused with a mushroom on his fork to speak of them.

"A different atmosphere here, indeed, Sir Charles, to that of London," said young McIver, who could speak all languages, including English.

Sir Charles admitted it.

"Or Herat," said McIver's opposite, pointedly—Sir Charles' name was associated with certain work in Afghanistan.

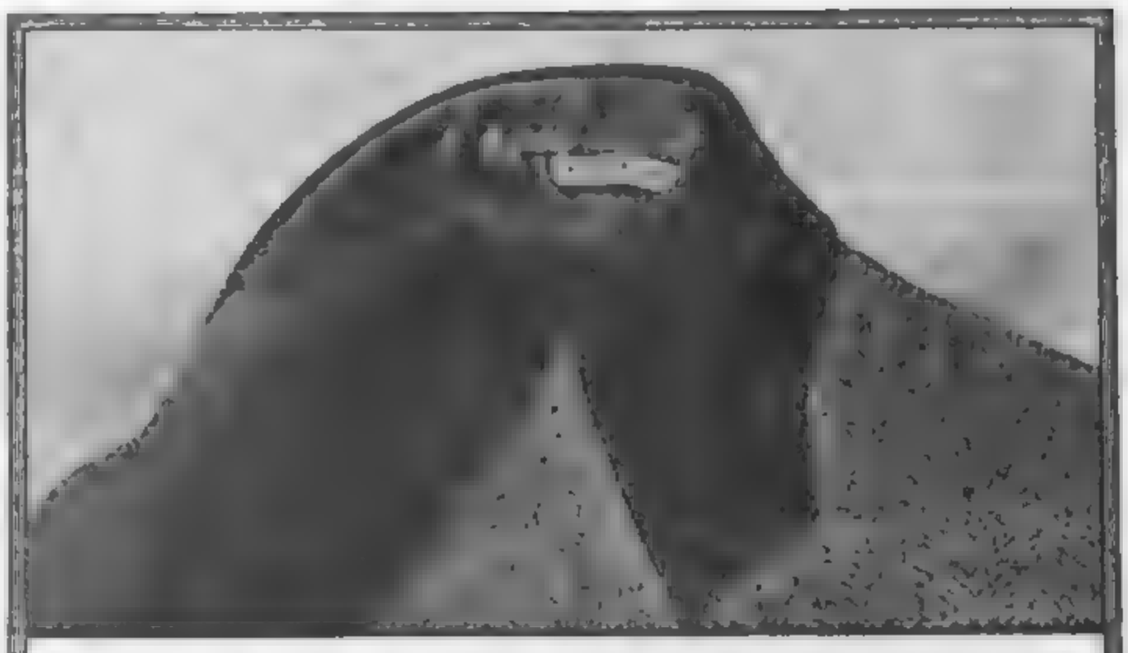
Sir Charles had visited, and preferred to talk about, the stockyards. It surprised him that his neighbors to left and right had never seen them; so few important people in the world are unfamiliar with the Chicago stockyards—except such important people as live in Chicago. He became almost talkative. Stupendous enterprise. Amazing ingenuity. Unutterable rapidity. Entertaining, and, should he say, rather—unconventional? He had picked up something there so fresh and diverting! so very American! which he had in his pocket. A mistake; in another pocket. But he would send for it, if they wished.

In the interim Algernon, fingering his eyeglasses, would have drawn Sir Charles' attention, but could not. No premonition warned him

Yet the very American thing that Sir Charles had picked up was a pamphlet. He handed it to his neighbor on the left, and her dark eyes, lifting suddenly, rested with a startled expression on Mr. Vanety. She would have spoken to Sir Charles, but hesitated, and the one next took the pamphlet from her.

Surprising! *His* startled eyes rested on Mr. Vanety before he handed it on.

A strange embarrassment attended its course around the table—only Sir Charles leaned forward, red-faced and smiling, waiting for them to share his merriment. Then it came to Patricia, bright with happiness, and surprise puckered her sweet lips. little crinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes, and—oh, golden girl! without a trace of self-consciousness she joined Sir Charles in rippling laughter. Sir Charles' eyes did not leave her face again—so that one may wonder what might have happened if Arthur had not spoken that evening.



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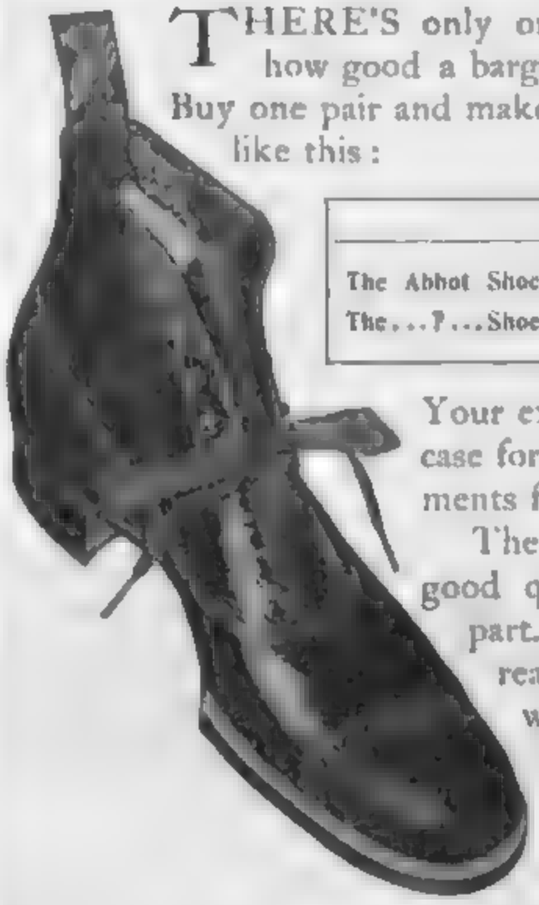

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Your experience will make out a better case for us than a whole page of arguments for leather, lasts and styles.

There *is* a point where low price and good quality meet—below that they part. The Abbot price is as low as a really fine shoe can be sold for, and while we do not claim equality with $5.00 and $6.00 shoes, we know that Abbot leather, style and workmanship are so good that we can depend on merit alone to secure steady sales if we can sell you the first pair.

Next time ask your dealer for the Abbot. If he does not keep them let us tell you who does.

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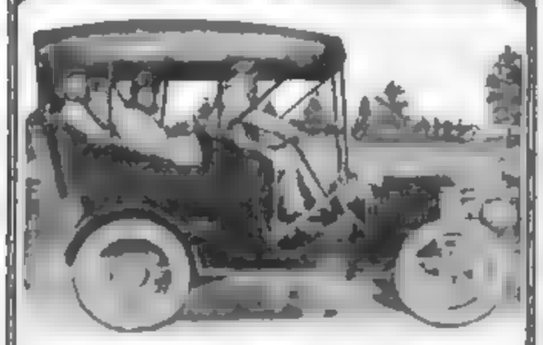

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THIS handsome car might have been rated at a higher horse power with perfect honesty; though that will be no news to those who know what "Pope" means on an automobile

In all the tests for reliability, endurance and hill climbing it has never been found lacking. Its performance in the recent Toledo contest was the sensation of the event. This car, driven by George Robertson, broke the one and two mile record for stock cars of any H. P., on a half mile track, beating the former record three seconds to the mile. The time was 1:19 and 2:[illegible] fully equal to 1:03 on a mile track.

With such a speed performance to its credit, its merit as a touring car is greatly enhanced. It all goes to show the absolute certainty with which every ounce of power evolved reaches the wheels. And add to this the charm of [illegible] four cylinder motor, [illegible] only the most flexible, trustworthy and economical of its class, [illegible] as it is built right, from the mechanical essentials to regal grace in its sweeping, ample lines.

The Type X, 30 H. P., double side entrance Pope Toledo, weighs but 1,800 lbs. Have you ever seen the equal for the price, $1,800? We [illegible] This notable Pope Motor Car Toledo family which we shall be glad to send upon request.

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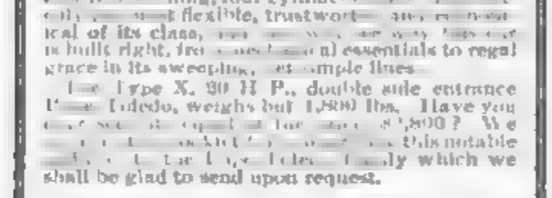

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Endorsed by physicians as the best [illegible]

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Suits and Overcoats

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And it came to Algernon, who put out his hand and took it.

I say, Algernon Vanety put out his hand and took it. No friendly spirit grasped his arm to detain him, nothing whispered in his ear to pass it on without looking. He adjusted his eyeglasses. . . . Did we declare a while ago that Algernon's face could not grow red?—it reddened now. The bright blood filled it from chin to temples, then went away and left a frightful whiteness. No need to expatiate upon that at which he was looking: the man must live in some other planet who has not seen Vanety & Co.'s famous pamphlet of the knight in armor. The farthest Hottentot, the last Kamchatkan, the ultimate Finn, have giggled, reading it in their native languages. Only such one-idead simplicity as that of old John Vanety could have evolved it—with its marginal sketches of Sir Aylmer: Sir Aylmer journeying on the crusade; Sir Aylmer with Louis, King of France; Sir Aylmer kneeling to the Slavonian prince; with its head and tail pieces of the arms of Vanety; with its Old English letterpress, beginning, "The French King Louis lay, therefore, at Acre"; with its cover, in red and gold, of the two wild bulls and the knight engaging them, the dates 1255 and 1905, and the title, "How We Broke into the Beef Business." Very certainly Sir Charles had not caught the name of Vanety.

Too late McIver rushed nervously into full speech with his well-known yachting story of the crew which deserted. All had seen that gray ghost with fallen lip that sat in the place of Algernon. In his hands this infamous link between two things which he would have kept forever separated shook tremulously. It was the public shame of Sir Aylmer he was sharing—of Sir Aylmer dead and buried. The beef could not be lifted up to Sir Aylmer Vanety: Sir Aylmer Vanety had come down to beef. And the fall of that armored form, as one might say, crushed Algernon completely. He who an instant before had been filled with uneasiness because Sir Charles had not heard his name now would have died rather than that Sir Charles should hear it.

An hour later, when chance—which Algernon would have avoided—brought them side by side, Sir Charles said pleasantly:

"Very—eh—clumsy of me, but I did not get your name."

"Mm-m-m-m," answered Algernon Vanety, his face whiter than his collar. He had the wish but not the courage to answer, "Ruggles."

Sir Charles smiled in perplexity.

Then they fled.

Patricia could not calm her singing pulses to sympathy. Some one was walking up and down before the Vanety mansion. It was almost two o'clock, and the thing is easy of computation: Arthur had been walking there five hours.

Patricia sped up the stairway. Some one was close behind her. She turned, half-frightened. A delicious sense of willing helplessness overcame her; then something stronger, sweeter; and, as she felt his arms, doubt left her.

With bent head and shaking knees her father entered. His eyes lacked lustre. He shuddered to hear the hearty voice of John on the floor above. And into those lack-lustre eyes no light came, even though he saw that in the hallway Arthur Holley was kissing his daughter.

Why K-B Clothes Hold their Shape

FIGURE 1 shows why.

It is an accurate drawing of the inner mechanism or "vitals" of a K-B coat.

It shows you the important parts, hidden between the cloth and lining of a coat, upon which shape retention depends.

And it enables you to know, *before* you buy them, that Kohn Brothers' hand-tailored clothes will hold their shape and look well after months of hard wear.

Do you know any *other* makers of Clothes who give you this *inside* information?

* * *

The making of good clothes—Kohn Brothers' Clothes—is a *building* process.

Fig. 1
Nothing to Hide.

Just as a house will settle if the foundation is poorly built, so a coat not moulded over proper "vitals" will warp, sag, wrinkle and "break."

That is what you Mr. Clothes Wearer call "losing shape." A house-builder would call it, "getting out of plumb."

Now, what do we do to *prevent* all this in Kohn Brothers' Clothes?

Why, we simply do what any wise builder would do—*we see to it that the foundation is absolutely right.*

We use *fine wool* felt for padding. Because *cheap* felt, made from *poor* cotton or shoddy, lacks *firmness* and *body*—qualities essential to *permanent* shape retention.

We thoroughly shrink the all-linen duck canvas *before* it is used as interlining.

It costs us money to do this, but you see what a good soaking *rain* would do to a coat, if the canvas were *not* shrunk *before* wearing.

Hair cloth? There are half a dozen cheap substitutes.

We use the *genuine*, because hair cloth is the *backbone* of [illegible]. And, like the backbone of a man, it adds *firmness* and *pliability* in just the right proportion; imitation hair cloth lacks both properties.

As you see, we protect the edges of the hair cloth by a broad tape to prevent the hairs from working through and irritating the skin.

And the collar and coat lapels. Do you wonder that they set so well and hold their shape? You'll find [illegible] hand padding, staying and stitching in Kohn Brothers' and the best made-to-order custom tailored clothes.

In Kohn Brothers' Clothes *nothing* is trivial [illegible] to wear and shape retention.

[illegible] Kohn Brothers' Coat with a Special [illegible] Hair Stay, which not only helps to hold the front "just so," but provides a *doubly* firm foundation for securing the buttons and also lessens the wear and tear on the button holes.

In every Kohn Brothers' Coat the [illegible] are *first* carefully shaped up and fitted to a *living* model. Then, when the shape is perfected, the cloth is moulded *over* this foundation.

The result is perfect adjustment between the parts that make up the finished garment.

You see, therefore, why Kohn Brothers' Clothes hold their shape long after *actual* ready-to-wear clothes get out of [illegible] and lose the shape that looked well enough on the "dummy."

* * *

Now, are Kohn Brothers' style and shape *worth* holding to?

See Fig. 2—and judge for yourself!

It is a truthful illustration of Kohn Brothers' Shape retaining Clothes, because it is taken from life.

Whatever the picture shows, you will find in the garments themselves.

And you know *now* that the correct coat [illegible] shapely lapels, snug collar and perfect fitting shoulders will not lose shape and character during the life of Kohn Brothers' Clothes.

Then, why not try the [illegible] to your [illegible] coat? Insist on Kohn Brothers' Clothes—the clothes that look well and *prove* that they hold their shape.

If he doesn't handle the Kohn Brothers' garments, write to us and we will name you a dealer who does.

* * *

Our handsome new illustrated Style Book is Free. It [illegible] Clothes a Man Should Wear [illegible] argument for Kohn Brothers' Clothes. It is free to any man who writes for it. *Do it in advance* of the busy getting the most for his clothes-money. Write for it to-day.

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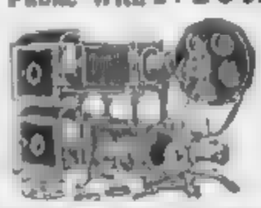

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ECHOES OF GREATNESS

(Continued from Page 6)

he told the President just what he had promised me he would say

My meeting with the President was in what is known as the Red Room. Secretary Alger was present. The interview opened by McKinley telling me how much attached to me he was, and how everybody knew it. Then I knew what was coming. He went on to say that I must know his decision did not depend on his relative liking of Senator Platt and myself; that he had been my friend for many years and that he had been prejudiced against Platt, although since he had met him he esteemed the New Yorker highly. But that he felt bound, he continued, not to antagonize Platt in the matter of this attorneyship—his margin of support in the Senate was too narrow to justify it

I interrupted to inquire: "Did Mr. Platt not write to you that, while he had supported another, if you chose to nominate me he would not complain?"

"Oh, yes, maybe he did," said McKinley, "but I have seen Platt and I know what he feels, and I know I cannot jeopardize the party by fighting Platt. I believe you are too good a friend to ask me to do that."

"Mr. President," said I, rising to go, "your decision is not a surprise to me. I release you from all obligations. I have long since learned how friendship is sacrificed in the game of politics. Platt has something you want. You have something Platt wants. Go ahead with the arrangement. Next time I want something and you and Platt are wrangling I will support Platt if I prize what I want more than I do your friendship. A man is a fool who is sentimental in politics."

"Now you are mad and losing your temper," said McKinley in a grieved way.

"I never was less mad in my life," I replied. "I am only describing coolly what I see."

McKinley talked kindly and said something about there being other ways in which he could attest his friendship, and Secretary Alger said a word or two about what he knew of McKinley's attachment, and I left in no very pleasant temper.

Platt's man received the appointment. Some time afterward McKinley gave me a very handsome special appointment, but he knew just what I thought of him. It was this:

He was naturally an amicable man, but exceedingly ambitious—so ambitious that he had no idea of imperiling any personal interest for friendly inclinations. If it was necessary to sacrifice a weak friend to propitiate a powerful enemy, he would not hesitate for one moment to sacrifice the friend. To his powerful friends, on whom he was dependent, he was loyal to the point of doing anything they required, even things which his judgment or his conscience did not approve, but that was only another form of selfishness. His natural inclination to weaker friends was kindly, and when he might assist them without danger to himself he did so with a show of great generosity But when doing so called on him to imperil any selfish interest he did not hesitate to leave them in the lurch. Secretary Alger himself experienced this. No man was ever more loyal to McKinley, and he was an excellent Secretary of War, but when McKinley found that there was a public clamor against Alger he did not stand by his Secretary as he should have done: he sacrificed him for his own benefit without a qualm In a word, McKinley was nothing like as unselfish a man as he has the reputation of having been; he was much more of a trading politician than he has the reputation of having been; he was not so high as the public estimate places him. Although he was a kind-hearted man, he was a very timid, calculating person, and although, personally, not corrupt, he was under many bad and venal influences. What saved McKinley and will pass his name down to history as a much greater man than he really was is that he had a singularly able coterie of men about him, and presided over the destinies of this Nation when our people were more prosperous, more virile, more ready to work out their own destiny and achieve their own glory, than they ever had been before or may ever be again.

McKinley was naturally of a cautious and a timid nature. The swift rush of

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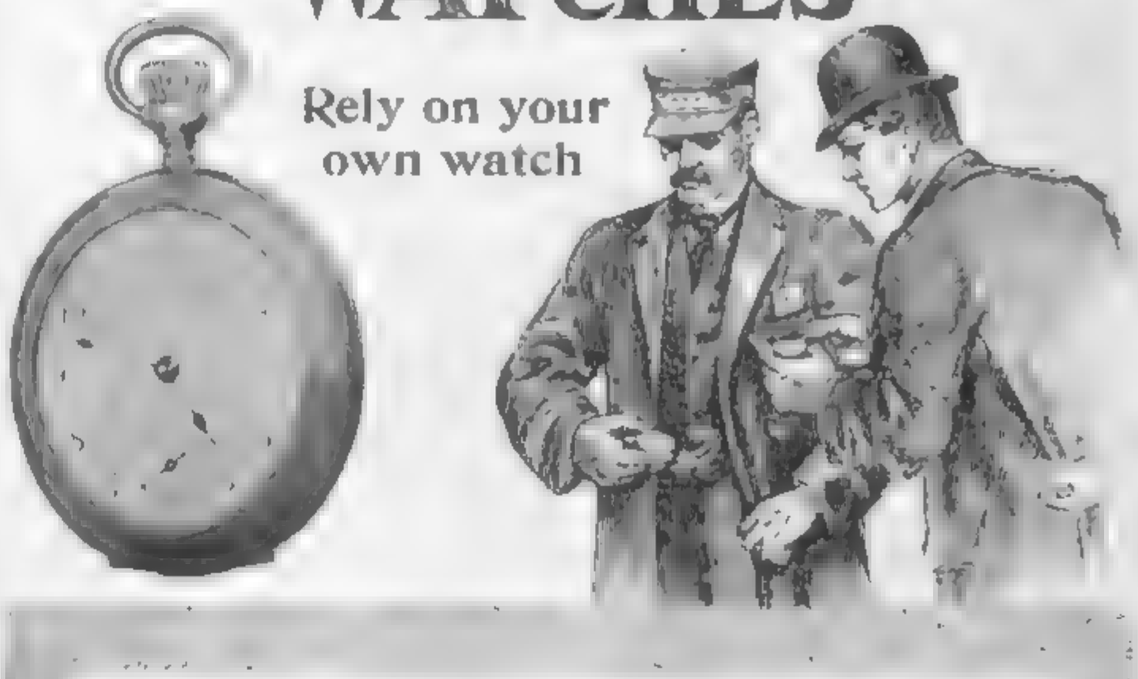

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events after the blowing up of the Maine alarmed him. Well it might. The country was not prepared for war in any way. With a more powerful adversary than Spain, the precipitate way in which our people forced the war might and probably would have produced a great disaster. It was this, doubtless, that alarmed McKinley and brought forth his desperate appeals for delay. But the rashness of the populace proved to be a true inspiration, and the victories we won so rapidly were little short of miracles in their bloodlessness and their completeness. The rapidity of the formation of our armies and navies, the thoroughness of their equipment, the celerity and precision of their work, while due to the work of a thousand master minds, product of our whirling period of activity, will always redound to the credit of McKinley and give him higher rank than as a man he was entitled to. He was never a vindictive man. His kindness and his amiability disarmed to a great extent resentment for his shortcomings.

When the war broke out my three boys went wild. The oldest was in the army, and the next two were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. McKinley promptly commissioned the two latter as Captain and First Lieutenant in Colonel Pettit's Fourth Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. My oldest son he made an Assistant Adjutant-General with rank of Captain, after Santiago, and afterward Major in the Forty-seventh Infantry Volunteers. My second son he made Major in the Fourth. He even offered me a Brigadier-General's commission.

The last time I saw McKinley was at Bluff Point. I was chairman of a committee appointed to call on him and invite him to attend a great celebration of Dewey's victory, in New York. The place is beautiful and we reached it on a lovely day. After our task was performed, I was about to withdraw, when McKinley, who knew how I felt about the United States Attorneyship, approached me in his most seductive way. He knew my weak point.

"Well," said he, calling me by my first name, "how are *our* boys?"

"Very well, I thank you, Mr. President—one in the Philippines and two in Cuba. All very well."

"And how is Mrs. Wise?" he added. "I expect that anxiety about all those boys in the army has made her lose the girlish appearance she had when we were frolicking that night with Irving."

I thanked him and made some reply. Running his arm through mine, as he often did in the old days, he drew me aside and said: "Where is the little chap that made photographs of the Spaniards as he charged them in the Ninth Infantry at San Juan Hill?"

"Why, he has rejoined his regiment and is serving in Northern Luzon"

"Now I want him to be a Major in one of the new regiments we are recruiting," was the President's quick reply.

Whatever lingering resentment I may have felt against McKinley was surely disarmed by this considerate remembrance of my oldest son. Turning to him and grinning I said: "Mr. President, is this business or conversation? Platt has no nominee for this place, has he?"

He in turn said: "There you go again. Still harping on that old matter. No, I want that boy appointed. You write to Root and tell him I want it done, and I will write, too."

Shaking his hand cordially, I went off and wrote at once to Secretary Root, one of the best friends and truest men I ever knew, and within a week received a telegram from him, saying: "Congratulate Major Hugh D. Wise on his appointment to the Forty-seventh Infantry." I little thought, when I last looked into the kindly eyes of Mr. McKinley, that summer day at Bluff Point, that we should never meet again. He was so full of life and hope and health that a long career seemed stretched out before him.

Poor McKinley! He deserved a better fate. The criticisms I have passed upon him above, although they were deserved, do not destroy or materially weaken a feeling of affection which I always felt for him, and although his friendship failed me once on a pinch, he showed me many times his kindness of heart, friendly interest, and desire to serve me, when he did not have to endanger himself. That was his nature and he could not change it. On the whole, it was a nature far above the average of mankind in sweetness and kindliness, and not a whit below the average in selfishness, perhaps, when men are subjected to the test.

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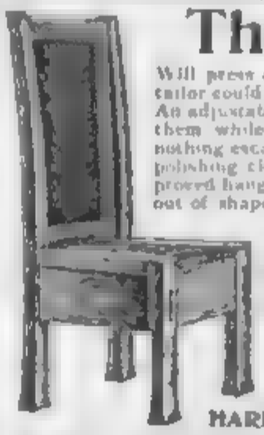

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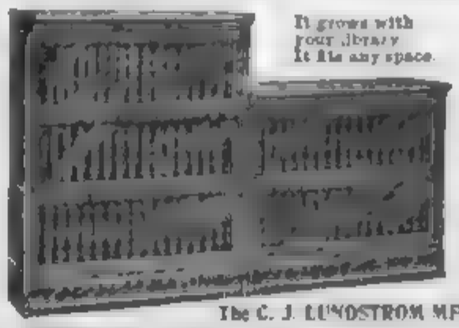

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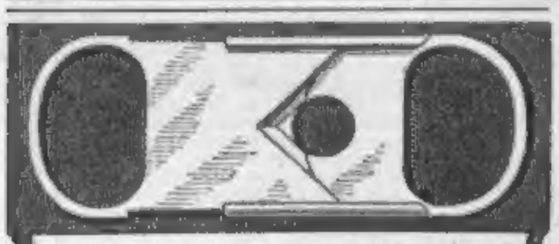

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THE CROOKED TRAIL

(Continued from Page 11)

Eugene caught his train and climbed into a sleeper for Buffalo some five minutes after Loman entered the one, on the same train, for Montreal.

. . . . . .

Ettelson, the next day, was sitting in his snug prison. The foot was nearly well. As soon as he got the money from Hal he would leave. He believed that Hal would write. Toward noon he heard a slow step, which he knew for Ezra's, on the narrow stairs.

The old man looked grave as he entered, and there was infinite compassion in his voice as he said: "There's a man downstairs to see you."

Billy turned pale in spite of himself, and for a moment his tongue stuck. "Any name?" he asked aimlessly.

"He gave the name of Margrave," Ezra replied, and he saw by the joy that leapt into the other's face that the messenger was not what his heart quailed and his soul exulted for.

"Oh! That's a friend! Tell him to come up!" Ettelson cried. He got out of the chair and on his crutch and stood facing the door, beaming, a hand extended, as it opened again; then stared blankly, for it was Eugene, not Hal, that entered.

"I want you to go with me at once, Ettelson. They're hot on your trail," said Eugene.

He felt all the embarrassment of the meeting. He and the assistant cashier had never been more than the merest passing acquaintances. The rather fastidious lawyer put Ettelson down as one of Hal's sporty, smutty friends, and had no wish to come in closer contact with him. Ettelson had always thought of Eugene as a lucky, smug, supercilious fellow. And here they stood facing each other.

Eugene noticed the strange clothes, unshaven face and the lame foot. "Poor devil!" he thought with distaste.

It did not occur to Billy to ask questions. Yet he hesitated. The color rose in his stubbled face.

"I must leave the money for the doctor," he said—"a matter of eighteen dollars."

With an obscure shame Margrave took three ten-dollar bills from his pocket and laid them on the washstand. "I'll wait for you below. The sleigh is ready," he said.

They bundled into the waiting sleigh. It was a relief to both of them that their wraps made talking difficult.

There was more snow that afternoon, but the dawn of the third day after broke cold and clear. Margrave, weary, cramped and bathless, watched it through the window of the second-class coach in which they sat. Ettelson was sleeping beside him, his head dropped against the greasy back of the seat, his mouth open. "Poor devil!" the lawyer thought again, and gave a long sigh of relief. The flight, so far as he was concerned, was over. They had traveled night and day, sometimes by sleigh, sometimes by train, over the crooked trail that Margrave had picked out from the time-tables on his way to Buffalo. He had accomplished the task that devolved upon him. As the sun was rising, the locomotive whistled for the Canadian village where there was a junction with the main line. In half an hour, thank goodness, he would be climbing into a Pullman, and so returning to a decent way of living.

There were only a dozen persons on the long, V-shaped, plank platform when they alighted, Margrave with his suit-case, Billy with his crutch and the bundle that he had hastily made up at Wyckoff's. A woman was ringing a bell in front of a shabby little restaurant across the tracks, and they tramped over there for coffee and griddle-cakes, which they ate sitting on high stools at a narrow counter.

They were the only patrons, and there were a few final words to be said; but Margrave put off saying them, as one defers the disagreeable. They went back to the little station in the middle of the V-shaped platform. The whole enterprise was profoundly distasteful to the lawyer. He had embarked in it partly because Jane wished it, partly out of sympathy for Mrs. Ettelson, partly out of a wrathful determination to balk Hal's villainy. He had little tolerance for Ettelson. There was something else that counted. The fugitive wore a ridiculous old overcoat, too large for him, that he had bought of a farmer. He had a

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¶ It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are today that makes you what you're going to be tomorrow.

¶ You who mean to get ahead **then,** are going ahead **now.**

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¶ Decision is the condition precedent to success.

¶ You owe it to yourself to be better, bigger, stronger, abler. Sheldon's Course in Scientific Salesmanship will multiply your selling ability 100%; if you are in business it will make your salesmen sell 100% more goods.

¶ It gives the man on the road the mastery of the principles which underlie sales-success. You are in debt to your salesmen; you owe it to them to increase their effectiveness, to help them to help you. They are in debt to you to do the best they can.

¶ We have advertising booklets that we are sending out that tell all about The Sheldon School—what it has done for the greatest commercial houses in the country—what the Sheldon Course does for the man on the road—for **you** out there on the firing line; for **you** out there on the selling end of your business campaign.

¶ You—the salesman—determined to make more sales next year than this—more this than last—you need this **Correspondence** Course.

¶ You—the employer—who expect your salesmen to lead the trade—both of you, each of you are doubly duty-bound to find out what The Sheldon School is, and what it is doing to make men win.

¶ Your address will bring the descriptive booklets; they're well worth sending for; you ought to have them.

The Sheldon School

(1565) The Republic, Chicago

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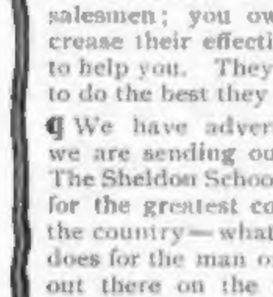

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Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

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Albrecht, St. Paul, has made furs for 30 years in the center of America's Fur Region. Send for our catalog, the world's authority on fur fashions; it contains 100 illustrations. Describes and gives prices of everything in furs. Costs us 30 cents, yours for 4 cents in stamps.

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203 East Madison Street, Chicago

black slouch hat and tied a red scarf over it and his ears to protect him from the cold. As one foot was bandaged, he wore a pair of enormous overshoes that Ezra had given him. A month's growth of red beard and the untrimmed mustache that drooped over his mild mouth made him more ridiculous. Eugene could not help laughing at such a figure.

Two men and a voluble woman stood around the lukewarm cast-iron stove in the station waiting-room. Margrave led the way to the corner and sat down with his back turned so that his bulk would somewhat screen the fugitive. He took out a little roll of bills, prepared over night.

"You may as well go on to Toronto," he whispered. "I want you to take this."

Ettelson's hand closed over the money and he looked down at it, silent.

"And keep away from Hal, whatever you do," Eugene added quickly and harshly.

The fugitive looked up, as startled as though he had been struck. His gentle eyes winced with a deep pain, then turned to the floor, and his head drooped. So Hal wished to throw him off!

Margrave saw that he misunderstood. The pain shot through his own heart. He laid his hand on Ettelson's arm. "Hal's gone to pieces, Billy. Nobody can trust him any more," he said.

Then the way his pal had deserted him in Quebec recurred to Ettelson. "He would have given me up, Margrave?" he asked.

"Perhaps."

The fugitive was silent a full minute, his eyes downcast in thought. Then he looked up and said, very gently: "That would have been just as well." He smiled slightly. "I suppose that sounds ungrateful to you. I appreciate what you have done for me, and how disagreeable it has been to you. But, you see, Hal and I did this wrong together. We wronged each other in doing it. I would go back now and take my punishment. I am not afraid of the punishment for myself any longer. But I've made my wife suffer so much already."

Then, for the first time, Margrave really understood the ridiculous figure beside him as a suffering human soul, caught in the ruck of things and seeking a just way out.

"I tried Mr. Slocum, Billy, suggesting a compromise," he said quickly, eager to make it appear that he had been sympathetic. But he stopped abruptly, for he knew that his representations to Slocum, made after Mrs. Ettelson had come to consult with him, had been merely perfunctory.

"You've seen my wife?" Ettelson asked.

"Oh, yes! Just before I left Chicago. She keeps well—and courageous." Here, at least, he need not lie.

"It's the worst for her and for Hal's wife," the fugitive began, and then the long shriek of a locomotive cut him short. The two men and the woman hurried out. The station-master bustled through.

"There's my train," said Margrave.

They got up.

"You've been very kind, Margrave," said Ettelson.

"Oh, no, no! Not at all! I wish there was something I could do!"—They were on the platform now. The heavy train was rushing on. Passengers were astir, with bags and bundles. A station-helper trundled a clattering truck past them.

"I've got to do it myself, Margrave, I guess, before it can be done right," said Ettelson. "I'd do it now but for my wife. Well, I thank you. Good luck!" He stopped. The line of coaches rolled by them, slowing up.

"Good-by, Billy. I'll do what I can."

They shook hands hastily. At the car-door Margrave turned and waved back at the ridiculous figure, a red scarf tied over its head. He made his way rapidly back to the sleepers, and felt the gentle pull of the wheels under him. Through a vestibule window he caught a glimpse of the fugitive, standing on the platform, looking up, smiling at the departing train.

Margrave got into a smoking compartment and dropped back on the soft cushions. It was what he had sighed for, yet he did not in the least want it. "Why didn't I stay over another day with him?" he was asking himself, with a useless sting of regret. He was immensely dissatisfied with himself. It seemed to him that he had bungled it all, and played the snob to a better man. "Jane ought to have come herself!" he reflected, with a whimsical remorse. "She wouldn't have missed the man in him until the last minute."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A simple test for every man who reads The Saturday Evening Post

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or may be tried at your barbers

If you wish to make it at home, we will send free for that purpose (see offer below) a generous sample of

Pompeian Massage Cream

Pompeian Massage Cream is intended primarily for the face, but you can make *the test* on your hand and see the result.

We say that soap and water will take *off* the dirt, but won't take *out* the dirt. And it is the dirt *that is in*—not the dirt that is *on*—that makes the skin muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

HERE IS THE TEST: **Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap; use a flesh brush if you like. In other words, get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream; rub it in gently but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it OUT of the pores, together with the dirt which has accumulated there**

If this test does not convince any man of the merit and desirability of Pompeian Massage Cream, we have nothing more to say.

Do not allow your barber to use a substitute on your face—it's risky. Make him show you the jar with the Pompeian Trade Mark label.

Pompeian Massage Cream has many imitators, but never has been duplicated. It is unique. Its use so cleanses the pores that a sense of cleanliness will result such as you have never before experienced. It contains no grease. It leaves the skin without a trace of shine.

This trade mark is on every bottle of genuine Pompeian Massage Cream. Look for it.

If you must "try before you *buy*" send for the sample and our handsome book—give the name of your dealer (or barber) and state whether he has Pompeian Cream or not. If you are willing to "*buy* before you *try*" ask your dealer or barber for Pompeian Massage Cream. Do not accept a substitute. Sold by mail when dealer (send his name) will not supply. Price 50c. and $1.00 a jar.

Gentlewomen enjoy Pompeian Cream as thoroughly as the sterner sex. It is absolutely essential on the toilet table of any woman who seeks a soft, clean and rosy skin. She may discard all face powders and cosmetics—merely an end to be desired.

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THERE are a thousand reasons why the world should wear rubber heels. Economy and comfort are considerations that appeal to the average man; and for the man and for the woman who have regard to life's comfort there is nothing on earth so conducive to ease as Heels of New Rubber. The housekeeper who wears them feels rested at the end of the day; the business man shod with new rubber has strength and energy to put into his work.

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Keepclean Hair Brush

Handsome—Sanitary

Its bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name—don't accept substitutes.

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makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature **Telephone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. **There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.**

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That postal card brings you the new Fall Regal Style-Book,—and the Style-Book will convince you in two minutes that we can fit you by mail just as well as in one of our 97 city stores,—fit you with absolutely no risk, no guess-work, no trouble, no delay, through our splendid system of expert *personal* service.

This latest Regal Style-Book illustrates the entire Regal line of 35 new shoe-styles in a wholly new way, so that you can see the exact shape of the shoes that are going to be worn this coming season. And it describes in detail the material and make-up of every shoe it illustrates.

The Style-Book is full of good plain-English *proof* of these Six Good Reasons that have built up the Regal business from one store to ninety-seven :

CORRECT STYLE: Every new Regal style is copied *direct, and at once,* from the original hand-made models that set the fashions in London, New York and Paris.

PERFECT FIT: The 35 new Regal Fall styles include every variation in shape and weight of sole, width of ball, height of instep and curve of toe.

LONG WEAR: Regals not only give the longest kind of long wear but they keep their style and hold their shape until they are worn out. No running over at the tread, no sagging arch, no breaking down at the toe, no bulging at the heel.

HAND-WORK: There is no machine work in the Regal except where it is in every way *better* than hand-work.

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Piccadilly
Style 9 M 11
(as illustrated)
[Special Custom Bench-made, $4.]

This is a handsome patent blucher-cut dress shoe that has every mark of style and quality that distinguishes the most costly made-to-order shoes produced by Fifth Avenue bootmakers.

The vamp is made from the famous Heyl imported patent leather, likewise the lower part and front margin of the round-cornered top,—the rest being cut from a fine piece of special soft, dull, glove calfskin. Lining of special white-bleached sail duck, inside backstay of calfskin, also a wide calf top facing and reinforcement back of the eyelets.

Style-Book Free on request

Peg
Style 9 C 11
(as illustrated)
King Calf Blucher, $3.50

Made from famous King Calf—the finest all-round leather tanned. It is cut from the very choicest skins, and worked down to a fine, smooth finish. It takes a quick polish and retains it for a long time.

Style 9 C 13
Special Custom Bench-made "Peg," $4.

This same model, except made of the celebrated Heyl imported patent leather, and with special inside finish, $4. One of the handsomest and best-finished shoes ever sold at any price.

Send for Style-Book—Free

$3.50 (Special Custom Bench-made, $4.) Some of the new Regals have been built to meet a demand from many of our old and new customers for a shoe made up in a more expensive way,—an evidence of the same desire for fine-finished apparel that creates the demand for full silk-lined overcoats. The advantages of the special $4 models over the $3.50 are in their extra custom features: All of the leathers and other materials are the *best* of the *best*; a little more hand-work; a little more silk stitching; round-cornered top; calfskin facing inside the hooks; wide leather top-facing; special custom-finish on the sole, etc. They are bench-made shoes that represent the finest handicraft of the most skilled New England shoemakers—and few genuine custom-made $12 shoes equal their handsome appearance.

Geneva—*Woman's Regal*
Style 9 P 14—*(as illustrated)*
[Special Custom Bench-made, $4]

This new patent leather button shoe is bound to be one of the most popular models we have ever reproduced from a Paris design. Made from imported Heyl patent leather—the best in the world. A true flat last, spade-shaped extension sole, high toe with backward slope, Cuban heel. Special close-woven, white bleached lining, and leather top-facing. Extra finish, extra hand-work—special all through.

Kent—*Woman's Regal*
Style 9 P 12—*(as illustrated)*
King Calf Blucher, $3.50

This model embodies all the points of superiority and individuality that have made the Regal women's shoes as popular as the men's. Made from the finest all-round leather ever tanned—Regal King Calf. Flat extension spade-shaped sole of firm-fibred but flexible Regal live-oak leather, Cuban heel, high receding toe. Leather top-facing above the lining, and an extra outside backstay.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY, Inc.

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